

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XI.] FOR NOVEMBER, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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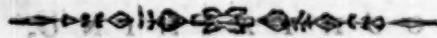
Senex is unreservedly thanked for his advice. No attention can possibly be paid to his plan till the commencement of the new year.

Veritas—his epigrams are too pointed and particular. Wit and satire are always acceptable, but personal abuse will never be admitted.

W. L.—his letter on taste is not original—We are grateful for judicious extracts, but we must refuse their admission when imposed in the form of originality.

Inquisitor—his queries are better calculated for his own amusement than for our magazine.

Reflections on general Thanksgiving, are devotional, and suited to the present season, but for reasons, with which their author must be well acquainted, we beg to be excused from publishing them.



PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

November.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachus. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares. ab. par.	Massachus. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Off. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emulsion Money.	O. Emif. Mo.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	per ct.	dols.	per ct.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
1	19 4	11 3	12 8	15 6	26	None	8	18 0	17	10 0	8 0	45
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6	19 5	11 3	12 8	15 6	27		8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
7	19 5	11 3	12 8	15 6	27		8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
8	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
10	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
11	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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14	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 8	29		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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17	19 8	11 4	12 9	15 9	30		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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22	19 10	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. I.

Year	Event
1630	First settlement of Boston
1634	First church organized
1638	First school established
1640	First public house
1642	First fire
1644	First bridge
1646	First market
1648	First hospital
1650	First library
1652	First printing press
1654	First shipyard
1656	First dock
1658	First wharf
1660	First pier
1662	First quay
1664	First harbor
1666	First fort
1668	First barracks
1670	First arsenal
1672	First mint
1674	First mint
1676	First mint
1678	First mint
1680	First mint
1682	First mint
1684	First mint
1686	First mint
1688	First mint
1690	First mint
1692	First mint
1694	First mint
1696	First mint
1698	First mint
1700	First mint

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
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BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. II.



S. HILL.

The Fatal Alternative!



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1794.

The FATAL ALTERNATIVE.
A TALE.

[Embellished with a handsome Engraving.]

THE force that eloquence gives to the precepts of virtue, and the security that rank brings to the preservation of character, are alike feeble in the conflict of passions, and alike unavailing in those hours of trial, which the consent of mankind has in lenity called *unguarded*. The superiority of mind, the dignity of character, the awe of virtue, and the tenor of fixed principles, are but words of course "when strong temptations try," when impulses are felt which cannot be resisted, and allurements are proposed whose effects are not understood.

It was not want of understanding, it was not want of education, it was not the power of seduction, but it was a perversity of thinking, formed of all these wants, which reduced Laura Belfont from an enviable rank among the good and the happy, to a state at which the happy shuddered, and the virtuous were appalled. The comfort of her parents, the delight of their eyes, and the pride of their heart, the admiration of one sex, and the envy of

the other. Laura's days promised length and happiness; the morning of life arose with splendour and beauty; it bid fair for a glorious day, but the dawn was scarcely visible, when the thickness of darkness overshadowed the prospect, and the evening of that day which promised so smilingly, hastened on without calmness, without serenity, without hope.

She had married the man of her artless heart, but not of her choice.— Love only decidedly gave colour to the fate of a life which it would have required judgment to adorn, and tenderness and fidelity to lengthen. Under the well wrought disguise of affection, her lover concealed the only passion he was capable of enjoying, *avarice*, and when by the possession of her fortune that was gratified, the possession of her person lost the only charm it had. He did not become careless, indifferent and brutal—He only threw off the mask, and appeared in his real character, without love, without principle, without tenderness. Fond, yet not of her; sensual, yet palled with

with her beauties ; ambitious, yet not of her affection ; he renewed his criminal correspondence with a woman who had long triumphed over the boasted fidelity of the male sex, and had rendered her own vices a source of advantage and pride to herself.—She had no character to lose ; she envied every woman who possessed what, to *her*, was irrecoverably lost.

The gay, and sprightly Laura, for such she was in better times, was now softened down to the pensive tenant of a melancholy abode, in a lonely and remote part of the country, where all access to the consolations of friendship was denied her, and where she had full leisure to combine the worst reflections of the past with the most agonizing prospects of the future. She seldom saw her husband, and knew no generosity from him, but that he allowed, and that barely, the necessaries of life ; but to all its pleasures she was in every sense of the word, cruelly mortified. He insulted her by the company of abandoned women, who were the companions of his licentious hours, and with whom he squandered the fortune she had brought him, and wasted the affection she alone ought to have enjoyed. Vice had corrupted his mind, and all the finer feelings were warped by a narrow sensuality, which was alike insatiable and impotent, and gratified by a repetition of pleasures that left no satisfaction, and only prepared for the days of remorse and despair.

Laura was friendless—she had survived her parents ; she was far removed from her inmates ; she was guarded by creatures of her husband's providing, whose hearts had long since forgot to beat in the cause of injured innocence.—She was in a situation where philosophy prescribes

resignation, but where nature yields to sorrow.—She was not formed for the asperities of life : alas ! she had none to calm the tumult of her breast ; she had none to speak peace to a mind already troubled beyond the power of being allayed.

It was in one of those miserable hours, when hope forsook her and fled—at a time when a dead infant, the only tie which connected her with her husband, lay stretched on her bed—when all the events of her life came in review before her, that she wandered into a park near her habitation, separated from the road by a river—It was there she sat herself down on the grass, and indulged in agonies of grief, which were to be no longer suppressed.

All the horrors of her situation appeared in review before her—the sad contrast between the days of youth and happiness, of admiration and vanity, and those miserable days and nights she had since suffered were active in her imagination. Putting her hand into her pocket for a handkerchief to dry those tears, which once the proudest would have been happy to dry up, she found a letter addressed to her by her father on the first news of her intended marriage ; there he, though gently, upbraided her with want of confidence, suggested suspicions of the real character of her lover, and painted in lively colours the feelings of a parent and the duty of a child.—This only was wanting to give fury to that speechless agony which now possessed her whole soul—and surrounded as she was by horrors which cannot be described, she sought relief, where it is to be feared the miserable seek it in vain—she plunged into the river near her, and sunk in a moment to rise no more !

But this unhappy fair one was not unobserved—Two persons on horseback

horseback on the road had observed her, though at a considerable distance, and one of them put spurs to his horse, beckoning the other to follow.—They soon arrived at a place where the river was fordable, but arrived too late for the relief of Laura.—They procured assistance in finding the body, and conveyed it to her lonely abode.—The wretched husband was not unmoved by the news of this, which was speedily conveyed to him, but he objected only that impulse which guided all his actions.—He summed up all his crimes in one, and by an unsought sacrifice to the memory of his wife, he rushed into the presence of his Maker, with the guilt of his own and her blood on his devoted head.

The conclusion of this narrative is perhaps no more than has often been inculcated, but it is what ought often to be repeated, that "Though vice is constantly attended by misery, virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of a better, where complete justice shall be done and where complete happiness shall have no end."

Laura ought to have yet sustained evils which, however great, cannot without long experience, be deemed hopeless. But her mind, originally not strong, was driven, by the impatience of wrong, to the fatal alternative—to suffer yet more, or to end all by precipitating herself into an untimely grave.

SINGULAR INSTANCE of LIBERALITY.

THE people of the East, who are generally more volatile than the rest of mankind, carry their virtues and vices to extremes.

A man who was liberal even to profusion, resided in Bagdad, under the reign of the Caliph Mamoun: His prodigality presently dispersed an immense fortune. One day, Asmai, a poet, who had shared very considerably in his profusion, came and knocked at his door as usual, supposing him to be still a rich man; the porter refused him admittance: Asmai, chagrined at this treatment, wrote some verses to

the following effect: *What difference is there between a miser and a generous man, if the latter keeps his door shut?* He gave these lines to the porter, desiring he would present them to his master. He did not stay long for an answer, for the servant immediately returned with the same paper, on the back of which was written two lines to the following purport—*When a generous man has given away his all, he does right to keep his door shut, that he may not have the mortification of refusing to grant a favour.*

ANECDOTES of Dr. JOHNSON.

THERE were two singularities in this genius, which have escaped the researches of all his biographers. In the centre of the market place at Litchfield, where

he was born, there is a great iron ring, fixed by a staple in a stone, which formerly served as a necessary instrument in the savage diversion of bull baiting. When Johnson happened

happened in his walks, for he paid an annual visit to Litchfield, to pass by this spot, he would frequently in the midst of those reveries in which he seemed to be involved, step aside, and stooping down, lay hold of the ring, and pull it about, as if he had been trying whether he had been able to extricate it from the stone to which it was fixed.

The other remarkable particulars concerning Johnson, which has not been mentioned by his numerous biographers is, that he made it a point, when he paid his annual

visit to the place of his nativity, to call on every person in that city, with whom he had the least acquaintance; but that the instant he knocked at the door, he would, without giving time for the opening of it, pass on to another, where he would do the same thing; so that it frequently happened that two or three servants would be running after the doctor, requesting that he would return to their masters or mistresses houses, who were waiting to receive him.

Ludicrous Anecdote of FRENCH GALLANTRY.

[From Mariti's Travels through Syria and Palestine.]

I VISITED the wells of Ras-Elein, in the company of two French gentlemen, one of whom was a physician—from the summit of a little hill, we had a view of the surrounding plains, and perceived, at a small distance, a group of Arab women on the brink of a rivulet, in which some of them were washing their clothes, and others bathing; but they were all perfectly naked. This spectacle produced such a sudden effect on one of the French gentlemen, as plainly shewed he was of a very warm temperament. He wished immediately to descend the hill, in order, as he said, to observe these people a little closer; and he requested me to accompany him. Knowing better than my companion the disposition of the orientals, I pointed out the dangers to which he was going to expose himself, either from the women themselves, or the Arabs that he might meet: But all my remonstrances were ineffectual; for he was determined to gratify his curiosity, even at the hazard of his life.

Finding that I would not com-

ply with his request, he endeavoured to prevail on the physician to accompany him, but he had as little courage as I. Our companion was then no longer able to contain himself; he stamped on the earth with his foot, cursed his bad fortune that he had not at least brought his spy-glass with him, and even reproached nature with having placed such a distance between the hill and the rivulet.

Hurried away by his vivacity, he did not even spare us, whom he considered as pusillanimous beings, and insensible to female charms. In short, he burst from us with so much velocity, that he had reached the borders of the rivulet before we well knew of his departure.

I was much surprised to see all the women come forth from the water, and, advancing towards him, naked as they were, invite him to take a place among them. Our French friend then redoubled his compliments, and employed the most expressive signs to shew his gratitude. He was eagerly received, and almost immediately surrounded by a circle

a circle of these females; but their caresses were only a snare to enable them to punish his presumption. They attacked him all at once, some tearing his hair, while others mauled him with their fists; and, I am persuaded, that he would have fallen a victim to their fury, had not his courage delivered him from their hands. He afterwards avoided, as well as he could, a shower of stones, discharged after him; some of which,

notwithstanding his activity, were not without effect.

This tragi-comic scene excited both laughter and compassion, while the amorous Frenchman was obliged to solicit the aid of the physician, to dress his wounds. Sensible of his folly, he promised to behave with more prudence in future, and, indeed, we gave him full credit for his resolution.

SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS.

WHY is the mind of man, when endued with what is called taste, delighted with extravagant flights in poetry, extraordinary metaphors, excesses in grammar, cromatics in music, &c? How come we to be charmed with things which offend common sense, or shock the natural ear? And from what turn of caprice does it proceed, that the very errors and faults of some of the arts and sciences, are esteemed beauties? Nay, to shew that taste is not only above, but even sometimes averse from rational admiration, we need but recollect the pleasure we receive from viewing some of the deformities of nature, as rocks, precipices, &c. and at the same time remember, that we are sensible of a certain horror during the contemplation.

LIFE is a picture; fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade—the first only its extrinsic ornament, but the latter, if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

THE critic lives too much in his study; and the difference between such a person, and those who con-

verse familiarly in the world, may be compared to the upper *sed*, and the under *spit* of the earth—the latter may have intrinsically the same powers of vegetation, but wants the action and impregnation of the atmosphere, to see its fixed salts at liberty to exert themselves.

IS not a child's grief for the loss of his dinner more sincere than a man's? In proportion as our reason improves, and our sentiment refines, the poignancy of disappointment appears more blunt. There is an alleviating resource, a kind of self-soothing consolation, in the very distresses of delicate minds, the refinement of which would be but poorly exchanged for

“The broadest unfeeling folly wears.”
But the disappointment of mere natural appetite has no resource, no alleviation; how much more to be pitied then!

THERE is a certain restlessness and impatience in our minds, that refuses pleasure from a continued enjoyment, or contemplation of the same objects, or ideas; and our nature thirsts for variety, from the cradle to the grave. The several seasons

seasons of life open with novelty, to childhood, to youth, to manhood, and *senescentia*. We find ourselves still, as we approach these advancing æras, attracted by different views, passions, and pursuits; and quit the former scene without regret; not because the shifting one will afford us better entertainment; for as yet we have had no experience of it, but which does as well, because we have made sufficient trial of the foregoing, have essayed its pleasures, and exhausted its variety. At length the vassalage of ignorance and subjection is past; we have now arrived at the long wished-for throne of man's estate, and would maintain the flattering empire of health, vigour, and reason, during the remainder of our reign. But when we have chimed over all the changes on the few notes of this pitch of life, how shall we be able to relieve that *tædium vite*, that satiety of life, so generally complained of already, even in the present contracted portions of our time, which numbers have found so irksome, that they have had recourse to drunkenness, or suicide, to rid themselves of?

THE succession and alternation of manly business, sports, and pleasures, are truly rational amusements to the mind; the chaste alliances, the tender connexions, the generous friendships, the charitable dependencies of this state of life (the youthful), are, indeed, additional sources of moral happiness, and heart-felt transports. But continued to a certain period, only satiety succeeds, too often repeated joys; and pleasures still running in a circle, lag, when we begin the well known course again. Were vigorous manhood to remain, the same passions and pursuits would still

subsist, with baffled hopes, and disappointed wishes; novelty would grow stale, and variety lose its change, while curiosity would urge, and impatience resent the palled fruition; till we should at length, cry out with a small alteration, in the language of Milton,

"Each season and its change displease alike."

A thousand untried follies would be then attempted; premiums preferred by wearied libertines, as was once done by a Roman emperor, by the invention of new pleasures; caprice, debauchery, and vice, would visit, and close our lives in madness or despair. Happily in relief to our unstable nature, our vigour declines, our passions subside; curiosity grows weary, our desires are satisfied, and indolence succeeds. A different train of ideas insensibly form themselves, by degrees, in our minds—health, peace, and ease become then our wiser wish. We have seen the vanities, and felt the follies of life; nor would we try against with feeble mind, and relaxed sinews,

"To seek, with erring step, contentment's obvious way."

Lastly, death, that in vigour would have been our fear, in decay becomes our hope.

A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry, than any thing else. I would rather *buoy* in the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

HOW cruel a case is it, after a person has spent his life in attaining a good repute, that some capricious jealousy arising in our minds, or any malicious insinuations from another hand, shall deprive him of the credit of it? A man may have honour and sell iron at the same time.

HERALDRY

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HERALDRY HIEROGLYPHICS.—A FRAGMENT.

THE history of the *crusades* affords a striking picture of the folly and enthusiasm of mankind, when left to the blind impulse of a heated and deluded imagination. It is to these, however, we are indebted for that perfection to which heraldry, as a science, has been carried.

Heraldry is a science so estimable and amusing, that many of the nobility and virtuosos of every nation have, for several centuries, deemed it worthy their studious application.

Kings and princes have derived entertainment from the investigation of the nobility, alliances, and power of their ancestry, in the hieroglyphics of this curious science. Others, of inquiry and enterprise, although confined to a humbler sphere of action, have been equally gratified in finding that their progenitors were dignified with royal favour. Their pleasure has been heightened, when, by their industrious scrutiny into the mazes of heraldry, they have discovered that a respectable number of their ancestors were enrolled in the list of fame for some distinguishing literary acquirement, military prowess, a shining virtue, or some singular patriotic service.

In a coat of arms we have a concise, but comprehensive history of the heroic deeds, which raised the ancestry of the bearer to eminence. Arms, properly blazoned, serve to point out the descent of the bearer, and to mark the various steps by which his ancestors arrived at celebrity. They distinguish the multiplied branches proceeding from the same original stock, and show the relationship between families.

In this, as in most other sciences, there have been abuses. Several armorists, fond of the marvellous, wishing to give themselves an importance, by the profundity of their researches and discoveries, or perhaps actuated by an entailed portion of the crusaders' spirit, have been disgustfully prolix on the nature, properties, and mystic allusions of heraldic tinctures. The pre-emptors to this mysterious knowledge, we readily grant, have an indefeasible right to a province in the cabalistic empire.

It is with heraldry, in some measure, as with the *masoretic notes*. These subserve the purpose of determining the original pronunciation of the Hebrew and some other oriental languages. Heraldry subserves the purpose of giving birth and rank their due precedence, according to the ideas of former times. This modern age has gillotined them both.

The scribbler of this paper is as high and wiggified a devotee to liberty and equality, under *rational restrictions*, as ever grasped pen or sword; yet, it is his creed, that there is an incontestible foundation in nature for distinctions. This sentiment is sanctioned by the invariable disposition of the parts throughout the three kingdoms of nature, and by the high behest of God himself.

The noble have been distinguished from the ignoble by external badges, time immemorial. The breastplate, ephod, mitre, and vestments of curious workmanship, were the levitical characteristics. Crowns and diadems have ever been those of monarchs and emperors. In perusing Homer, Virgil, and other classics, we find their heroes distinguished by the various figures

figures of their shields. Homer has given a very pompous account of the shield of Ulysses. Alexander the great permitted his chiefs to wear certain badges on their armour, pennons and banners, that their personages might be easily known and suitably revered. He strictly enjoined that no potentate throughout his dominions should confer such badges of honour. This prerogative he claimed as his independent right, and all kings and sovereign princes, from that period to the present, have, in this particular, made him their pattern.

Hieroglyphic characters have been in vogue from the remotest ages.* The Egyptians brought this mystical species of writing to very considerable perfection. Con- versant with the natural world, favoured with a situation friendly to scientific investigation and improvement, and blessed with a brilliant imagination, they selected the figures of such objects as in some particulars bore the most striking resemblance to the things they wished

to describe. Those figures, their importance established, subserve the purpose of writing. They are in fact a kind of stereography. With a small number of these the Egyptians could express, on a little piece of papyrus, what a modern scribbler would spin into the extent of many folio pages.

The morning, which has been the subject of so many elaborate, sublime, and beautiful poetic productions, is unfolded to view by the simple figure of the *crocodile's eye*. Job probably knew the import of this hieroglyphic; for, in speaking of this monstrous animal, he says, "his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning." Could it be proved that this symbol was in use prior to the days of Job; that he had it in his mind when he penned this would hardly remain problematical. The symbol is very natural, for,

"When his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems
to rise."

MODENA.

* The curious may be highly entertained with the writings of the late learned and ingenious *Count de Gabelin*, on hieroglyphics.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXVI.

REFLECTIONS occasioned by reading an account of a ludicrous exit.

I DO not like this apparent gaiety, this ebullition of facetious wit, in the hour of dissolution! Methinks an air of levity but ill becomes a departing spirit; and there is a decent, a composed solemnity, which, while it elevates the mind, in the same moment, best accords with propriety. If my head is, upon the coming hour, destined to the block, resignation, and presence of mind, with manners sedately digni-

fied, is fortitude: but licentious jesting, and ludicrous comments, upon an occasion so awfully serious, are truly shocking. At such a period, *recollection* is surely necessary—at least, it is *natural*; an *affectation* of unconcern is despicable; and if it is *real*, it announces a mind devoid of sensibility. Exertions of native superiority, evinced by calm composure, are descriptive of equanimity; but boisterous mirth can never be

be considered as the smallest indication of heroism. Were we to rush, with a familiar air, or supercilious step, into the presence of that being, whose brow was encircled by the wreath of merit, or upon whose head glittered even an earthly crown, we should be justly chargeable with temerity; but when we are about to present ourselves before an omnipotent, and a self-existent Creator, from whom we originate, and upon whom we must eternally depend, perturbation, even in the *extreme*, may be *tolerated*—and the most profound veneration, and deep-felt awe, is but a proper acknowledgment of the immensity of Deity. It is surely incumbent upon the soul, to clothe itself in the garments of humility, to assume its utmost purity, and if it joys in its approach to the divine, the benignant Author of its existence, let its joy partake of solemnity—let it be chastised by serious propriety. I envy not the felicity of that *actor*, who, being apprized that he hath but a few hours to continue in the present scene, devotes the interval to *dress*, and *fancy*; to *bows*, and compliments. When the period of my dissolution is at hand, let me

employ my powers in meditating upon an opening heaven—in grasping at ideas suitable to that august assembly, which I am so soon to join, and in an effort to divest my spirit of every earth-born care.—The change is assuredly great—it is of immeasurable importance.—Of our destination we can have little idea, and although, from the philanthropy of our God, from the atonement made for our offences, and the price paid for our redemption, we may rationally conclude, that happiness is our designation; yet, there is a variety of considerations that are, at such a moment, abundantly sufficient to fill, and exercise the strongest, and most capacious mind; and we should be careful to close the scene with becoming decency. Even the atheist, I should imagine, except he hath, by continued anticipation, become habituated to the comfortless prospect of annihilation, must acknowledge the period which is to terminate his existence, but ill-suited to *expressions of mirth*—and the probability is, that he bids adieu to pain and pleasure, with sensations of solemn regret.

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. VI.

AL CANDOR was a youth endowed with all the charms of beauty; but his outward form seemed only an index to the superior graces of his mental accomplishments. His artless behaviour, and the complacency of his disposition, gained him the esteem of his neighbours, and prepossessed the hearts of strangers in his favour. Even in the stages of his infancy, while childish amusements employed his atten-

tion, there seemed in him that nobleness of spirit above his playfellows, which is the sure indication of an early genius. *Natural* objects only for a short time could satisfy his ambition—he panted to climb the steep of science. But nursed in humble obscurity—a stranger to the politeness of a court—where shall he find a Mæneas? He grieved, but carefully concealed the cause of his grief from his parents. Often,
by

by the secret rock and the tree, would he retire, to lament the parsimony of fortune. The parent at length found out the cause of his son's melancholy, but was unable to relieve it. Resignation was the only cordial which could afford relief to their souls: But capricious fortune looks with an eye of pity upon their situation. A stranger, stopping accidentally at the cottage to take some refreshment, was delighted with the simple neatness of the mansion, the industry of the parents, but much more with the conversation of young Alcandor. He discovered their penurious circumstances, and conceiving a strong affection for their son, proposed to take him under his own care, which proposal was cheerfully accepted. It is needless to say any thing of the joy which his parents expressed—it is easier felt than described. The benevolent stranger beheld with pleasure the uncommon genius of Alcandor, and sent him to an university for his education.

We are now to contemplate Alcandor rambling in the fields of science, and enriching himself with all the stores of intellectual knowledge. We must consider him, not merely indulging himself with the pictures of fancy, but with making that improvement of science, which brings home useful instruction to the heart. After the common time allotted for education had elapsed, Alcandor quits the walks of his study and enters on the threshold of the world, with his mind well guarded against the seductions of vice. It is natural to presume, that he would choose that profession which will infallibly lead merit into public attention. He remains to this day the pride and ornament of his country.

From the imperfect sketch here given of the character of Alcandor,

the importance of the establishment of public schools is fully illustrated. Had not a benevolent stranger beheld this youth, he would have sunk unnoticed into oblivion. So true are the words of the poet:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is doom'd to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Thus a diamond may often lie neglected in its crust, which, if polished by the hand of an artificer, would be a gem of inestimable value. But it is answered, that much of the public money must be squandered away to no purpose, as many children would attend the schools, who could reap no advantage from study. Aside from the natural weakness of this remark, and the presumption that we are dealing with a nation of misers, let us see if this assertion is founded on fact. History informs us, that the most valuable discoveries, in every art and science, were made principally by men, who, to speak in the fashionable style, were of low birth and family. From whence arose that illustrious group of statesmen, of poets, and orators, the admiration of antiquity, and whose works have been hung out as examples to modern ages? Unquestionably they sprung from the common mass of the people. By such characters the credit of a nation is established, and thus the public are more than doubly repaid for their expenses. But even if this statement is nothing but a fallacy, it does not injure, in the least, the validity of the argument. No one will contest but what the property of individuals is as well expended in the establishment of schools, as in the purchase of gew-gaws and the fripperies of fashion.

It

It will check the progress of luxury, which is the bane of public felicity. It is then the duty of the legislature to interpose; but the good sense of the citizens of the different states, forbids us to doubt, but what this useful scheme of a general education, will finally be adopted. The example of Massachusetts will doubtless be followed, and, in this manner, the way may be opened for the complete emancipation of the human mind from the slavery of ignorance.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXX.

Apparent secrecy suspicion nerves,
And scrutiny is nurtur'd by reserve;
While the sweet flow of confidence bequeaths,
That treasur'd peace, a rich perfume which breathes.

DISGUISES are frequently the convenient asylums of villainy; and as they are always questionable, they are with propriety always suspected. To trace the labyrinth of folly, into which the flagitious delinquent is precipitated, requires more than human penetration. Many are the windings and doublings of the proficient in error; all his paths are intricate, he is fruitful in subterfuges, and he is enveloped in mystery. I do not say that virtue hath never worn a veil, or that integrity may not suppose it necessary to hold up false lights; but I contend that the *practice of deception*, being an expedient that must be acknowledged *extremely hazardous*, it ought never to be resorted to but in the *last extremity*: and I am free to own, that I have found a singular pleasure in indulging a hope, that truth and innocence will generally bear their own weight. The smooth surface of the limpid stream out-spreads its azure flow to the most curious investigation; the orient luminary of day emits a flood of light; it issues forth a transcendent body, elevated in itself, and to every eye confessed;

and the upright ancient, wished for a glass in his breast, that the *possibility* of concealment might be thus erased from the catalogue of his abilities. Ambiguity casts a veil over the most irreproachable life; it originates the *invidious ardours of speculation*; and it gives to the features of virtue the contour of folly. I confess that I am charmed by frankness of soul; ingenuity and integrity of manners, carry with them their title to my unreserved esteem, and upon the honest sincere man, reason, unbiassed by fashion, or habit, is ever ready to pronounce a eulogy. I abhor duplicity in every form, doubtful meanings, double entendres, playing upon words, with every bagatelle of this description, are, in my opinion, at least inelegant, and unbecoming; nor can I allow that they make any part of *manly sense, true wit, or genuine humour*. In a fair, open, consistent manner of thinking, conversing and acting, there is both dignity and propriety, and an elevated reputation is the well earned reward of persevering, and unequivocal worth. We listen, with unrestrained pleasure, to the man of unimpeached honour; to him,

him whose upright soul hath never been entangled in the wilds of deceit, who hath never debased himself by an alliance with falsehood, nor sported with the credulity of his associates ; who, worshipping at the shrine of truth, hath still held her inviolate, regarding all her investigations as sacred, and disdaining to purchase the *smile of levity at the expense of that jest which borrows its humour from a breach of veracity* ; and it is then that we confer upon him the most honourary distinction, when, with unlimited confidence, we repose upon his word the most unhesitating faith ; it is dangerous to amuse ourselves with the *semblance of vice ; the habit of uttering merry falsehoods*, will soon blunt the fine edge of our feelings, and we shall easily slide into the most *serious and capital violations of truth*. Integrity dignifies a character ; frankness is truly amiable, and if the offence is not highly enormous, softened by the ingenuity of a candid acknowledgment, we are ready to press the offender to our bosoms, we allow him a second lease of our esteem, and it depends altogether upon himself, whether we shall ever again serve upon him a writ of ejection. A moment of concealment is a moment of humiliation ; and although circumstances may sometime render it necessary, yet, it is certain, that when the *paths of innocence are encompassed by ambiguity* ; the lustre of her crown is dimmed ; her blooming honours *seem to wane*, and we hesitate, while uttering those applauses which should be reserved to enwreath the brow of *unequivocal merit*. Mysterious arrangements excite suspicion ; conjecture is afloat ; jealousy is roused ; the aerial mischief feeds upon the thinnest diet, and peace evaporates in its grasp. Monimia is perturbed and agitated ; not an hour

in the day but a variety of tormenting ideas succeed each other in her mind ; and the most vexatious inquietude, is the despot of her dreams. Monimia once boasted of her felicity, and her present sufferings are the offspring of conjecture ; delicacy forbids her to question, and yet her tranquillity will never be restored, until she learns to what fair hand her loved Eugenio was indebted for the *expressive device* so elegantly enwreathed, and so curiously cut, which hath recently come into his possession, and which he carefully preserves in the cover of his watch. Clarissa is agitated and unhappy ; she accidentally discovered in the escritoir of Horatio, a lock of hair ; it was beautifully glossy ; she is positive that it never made a part of her own auburn tresses ; it was neatly folded in some lines, sweetly pathetic, and tenderly poetical : Perhaps the rape of that immortalized lock, which Dan Pope has so sweetly sung, although it interested the celestials, was not productive of more *real anguish*—and I persuade myself that every susceptible fair one will drop a tear over the sorrows of Clarissa. Cordelia, whose attachment to her nuptial lord is still unbroken, hath passed *months of dissatisfaction*, occasioned by her incertitude, relative to the disposal of a pair of sleeve buttons, which she formerly presented to her Henry as a pledge of love. But these are all unjustifiable sources of inquietude—they are the imbecilities of the mind, and originating in the *caprice* of affection, they are of too small moment to merit attention ; and they are, besides, too reprehensible to be countenanced. I grant that they are at present *comparatively small* ; yet if I am unhappy, I am unhappy, whatever may have produced the evil ; and

and when the peace of a family, or even of an individual, is involved, a full explanation, with every attempt to soothe, is as necessary as it is generous; and it should always be remembered, that the unextinguished flame, which, raging with increasing violence, pursues its desolating career, and issues in the most distressing conflagration, was once a lambent spark, whose genial warmth might easily have been suppressed, and whose agency, under a judicious direction, might have produced the most beneficial effects. Yes, the peace of families is too often sacrificed to false delicacy, and to an ill-judged silence upon facts, and circumstances, which ought to have been scrupulously narrated, and critically examined. Inviolable secrecy, preserved for any considerable length of time, supposing it of importance to those with whom we are intimately connected, is hardly within the chapter of possibilities; a word, or even a look, accidentally transpiring, will give the alarm; the truth, however latent, is in part divulged; curiosity commenceth the pursuit, and a clue is obtained, which may be just sufficient to introduce the interested person into a labyrinth, from which, never being able to extricate himself, he may be despoiled of all that treasured serenity, which he had vainly hoped, would serve as a fund, for the support of a life of rational enjoyment. A lovely woman at this moment rushes upon my recollection; she is not personally known to me, but although the vast Atlantic rolls its waves between us, yet, with reiterated pleasure, I have frequently traced the lineaments of her fair mind, as I have seen it portrayed in many a well-written page, the product of her inimitable pen. She hath, I am told, a pleasing exteri-

or, and her understanding is elevated much above the level of mediocrity. Nature, when she bestowed upon her uncommon parts, endowed her also with an exquisite tenderness of soul. Her imagination was lively and fertile, and she had a taste capable of distinguishing, and highly zealous, the beauties of poetry. Early enlisting in the service of the Muses, she became one of their most successful votaries; and, from the beautiful parterres which ornament the parnassian grounds, she hath skilfully and happily combined many an elegantly fancied bouquet. She was always a nymph of the sober-suited train, and to airs the most pensively melodious her lyre was uniformly attuned. Sweet Eliza, in the enchanting walks of poetry thy feet have ceased to stray; that confirmed melancholy, which the sunny beams of hope can no longer impress, will no more swell the neglected chords, the voice of the chanteress is forever mute, and the lovely minstrel hath forgotten to charm. Unhappy fair one, the flowers of fancy thou hast refused to cull, the rose of thy tranquillity is blighted, and *thy violets, alas! have all withered.* It is to the ill-fated silence of Eliza, and her maternal parent, that her misfortunes must be imputed. The story of her life is simple; I owed unreturnable obligations to her father, for it was to him that I was indebted for that systematic, and rational mode of thinking, which has constituted the most tranquil, and refined moments of my existence. He was a man in the literary line; his writings are copious, and energetic; and for strength of argument, perspicuity of diction, and self-evident demonstrations, he hath never yet been surpassed: but having attained, in his favourite pursuit

suit, to the highest possible grade; he was so absorbed in those contemplations, in which originated so large a part of his felicity, as to become reprehensibly inattentive to every consideration which he deemed of lesser moment. It too often happens that real, or original genius, although possessed of every other excellence, and distinguished by the most shining qualifications, is nevertheless found destitute of those very necessary requisites, which can alone bestow a capability of a beneficial intercourse with mankind. Mr. Mortimor, the father of Eliza, made his nuptial choice with so little discretion; as to exchange the marriage vow with a woman, who, at the very moment that she met him at the altar, knew herself to be the wife of another! With this perfidiously abandoned ingrate, he lived in total ignorance of her criminal connexion; and lavishing upon her every proof of an attachment almost unexampled, until the perjured miscreant, having stripped him of every valuable article which he possessed, found means to abscond with the paramour of her choice, at a period when the treacherously betrayed Mortimor was engaged in the discharge of some benevolent offices, which his philanthropic disposition had imposed upon him as duties. It was not until after her elopement, that the turpitude of her life was disclosed to him, and yet he could not even then, although convinced of her atrocity, be persuaded to take measures calculated to bring her to condign punishment! Many years elapsed before the wound that he had received admitted a cure; his tenderness of soul, and his innate sense of rectitude, still combated his peace, and reason, for a long time, plead in vain. At length, however, the

lenient hand of assuaging years, aided by the intellectual accomplishments, and the prepossessing exterior, of a truly deserving female, effectuated the most salutary change. Hope once more dawned in his bosom, it gleamed like some heavenly visitant athwart the melancholy region of his benighted soul; by degrees it obliterated the gloomy ideas which hovered there; and he again asserted the native dignity of his character. To the sweet soother of his sorrows, his hours of leisure were invariably devoted; a sentimental intercourse commenced; it was ameliorated by the strictest amity, and it terminated in an attachment of the tenderest kind. Hymen once more lit for Mortimor his sacred torch, and had he attended to some legal steps, which should previously have been taken, the auspices under which he entered into this second engagement, would have been most happy: Yet those arrangements, which flower souls would have deemed indispensable, must have occasioned delays; the process of the law was tedious; Mortimor had many enemies, obstacles might be interposed, and if, upon application, he should not be able to obtain the necessary form of divorce, the happiness of his life would be defeated. What was to be done; concealment was a ready resource, and wrapping himself about in the veil of secrecy, in his own privately retired apartment, in the presence only of the holy priest, and a few select friends, he plighted his willing faith. Mrs. Mortimor, still received merely as the friend of her husband, retained her family name; and although many might suspect, those only who were bound to secrecy, could decisively pronounce. At length, however, revolving months

months ushered into the world the infant Eliza, and impenetrable mystery stood sentinel at her birth; she was produced in society under the name of Montague; and her parents introduced her as the orphan daughter of deceased relatives: Indeed, having conducted their engagement with so little observance of forms, however innocent in intention, and in fact, the parties in reality were, the severe penalty annexed by the laws of England, against that irregularity, or breach, a description of which would undeniably involve their connexion, rendered it incumbent upon them to avoid, by every means, an explanation.

Eliza was educated with the most scrupulous care, she was nurtured by the hand of elegance, she was trained to the observance of every virtue, and she was, as I have already observed, an uncommonly accomplished woman. As early as her opening reason authorised a confidence so important, under the strongest injunctions of inviolable silence, she was made acquainted with the secret of her birth, and that discretion, armed by filial piety, with which she guarded a communication, on which hung the life of her father, abundantly justified the reposing a trust of such a nature, in so tender a bosom. Fifteen happy years were passed by Eliza, amid the soft endearments of parental tenderness; by new proofs of provident care, each cheerful dawn was ushered in, and the feathery hours were all marked by sage precepts, gentle admonitions, tender cautions, well judged advice, and bland caresses; and, clasped in the loved embrace, returning evening still saw her encircled by those arms, and pressed to the faithful bosoms of those who sealed upon her balmy

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lips, their wishes for the repose of the night, always concluding their pious benediction, by so natural an avowal of feelings which were the genial offspring of that affection, which perhaps cannot be surpassed. How fatal for Eliza was the hour, that just at this period, robbed her of a father, who, actuated by a spirit of universal benevolence, and breathing forth the mildest, and most benignant expressions of philanthropy, glowed with uncommon tenderness for a daughter, whom, in his most unimpassioned moments, he could not but acknowledge as highly deserving, every way amiable, and comprising in herself the sum total of a father's wishes.

The demise of Mr. Mortimor presented a moment, in which it would have been wisdom to have opened upon society, with a full, and unequivocal eclat. Death had placed the victim, that the law would have demanded, beyond the reach of its penalties, and, clothed in the habiliments of conscientious integrity, *they had then nothing to hazard by an explanation.* The priest, who joined the hands of the parents of Eliza, could at that juncture have been produced, and the chosen friends, who were present at the marriage, were still in existence.—Alas, alas, they are now all numbered with the dead! and, strange to tell, letting slip the golden season of opportunity, Mrs. Mortimor was still known by the name of Laughton, while Eliza was addressed by that of Montague!

It is certain that reserves, *except imposed by necessity*, are never justifiable; and the necessity of mystery ceased with the death of Mr. Mortimor. From this period, five succeeding years performed their annual round, ere the discreet Eliza selected

selected

selected from the circle of those, who respectfully presented themselves as candidates for her election, a youth, with whom her gentle heart could unhesitatingly consent to inweave the silken bands of tender, conjugal, and indissoluble amity : But her choice once made, she deferred not to banish from the bosom of him she approbated, that perturbed suspense, that so fatally corrodes each promised joy ; and although her every step was pointed by virgin delicacy, yet did she skilfully enwreath therewith, a noble and dignified frankness, which hushed that tumultuous whirlwind of the passions, which hath shipwrecked the peace of many a manly breast. Pity that she was not permitted to be uniformly explicit, but the maternal prohibition was strangely, and unaccountably interposed, and her nuptials were solemnized under that disguise, which, although justifiable for a time, was most imprudently continued, and should never have been worn in the presence of a man, whom, in every other respect, she had honored by the most unbounded confidence ; but she remained perseveringly silent, reprehensibly silent ! and this silence hath been fatal to her peace. The first years of her wedded life were uncommonly serene ; she bore to Altamont many fine children, and none but tranquil days seemed written for her. How precarious are terrestrial joys ! An untoward accident suddenly reversed the scene. A paper, written by herself, and addressed to her mother, breathing the language of ambiguity, deeply fraught with mystery, and yet obscurely hinting at the truth, unfortunately met the eye of Altamont ! To the nicest sense of honor Altamont is exquisitely alive, the soul of ingenuity

is his, and the delicacy of his sentiments refuseth to tolerate the most distant appearance of deception. He drank in the contagious lines ; every word operated as an envenomed draught, and while he shrunk from the fearful contents, they became, in effect, like those subtil poisons, which are said to procure immediate death ; for they infused their deadly fangs in the very vitals of that tranquillity, which he had fondly hoped was beyond the malice of fate. Instantly the fiend, despair embodied its ministers ; they were busy about his heart ; complacency was chased from his bosom ; the benignant smiles of benevolence are no more ; a deep and settled melancholy lowers upon his brow ; and the sullen silence which he obstinately observes, effectually bars an eclaireissement. His house, once the seat of social happiness ; now, alas ! dire suspicion, dark conjecture, and baleful jealousy, hover there ; and although months and years have revolved, no beam of elucidation hath yet illumined those heartfelt glooms, by which he is enveloped. The tear is upon the cheek of Eliza ; her dream of happiness, of terrestrial happiness, is gone forever. The deep melancholy which impressed the mind of Altamont, was immediately succeeded by the most alarming estrangement ; his temper seems totally ruined ; he eyes her with a mistrustful kind of indignation ; she has lost his confidence ; she has every reason to believe that she no longer possesses his affection ; and the probability is, that was the now to come forward with a full and undisguised explanation, it would produce no salutary effect. The clergyman, who joined the hands of her parents, now sleepeth quietly in the narrow house, and all those

those vouchers, which she might once have produced, at this period repose also in the dust. Altamont is haughty, and implacable, and

Eliza, having once indisputably deceived him, it is to be feared that he will yield her no future credence.

ERRATA.—In p. 603, 1st c. l. 29, for *healthy* r. *beathy*—in 2d c. same p. l. 18, for *colour* r. *convey*—in l. 20, for *age* r. *glee*—in p. 605, 2d c. l. 25, for *bast*, r. *baftab*.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLVIII.

How many sink in the devouring flood,

Or more devouring flame !

THOMSON.

WERE those, who are inclined to scepticism, to confine their attention to the apparent irregularities of nature and providence, to the unaccountable events which take place from time to time, their doubts would be apt to increase, and their infidelity be confirmed. And were timid Christians to pore upon the evils of life, upon the afflictions which often wring the hearts of the best of men, upon the overwhelming calamities, the sudden and unlooked for disasters which ruin individuals, or spread distress and consternation all around, their hearts would sink in despondency, and they would lose their confidence in the great Superintendent of the universe. But happy for poor mortals ! things are so arranged in nature, and events in general are so ordered in providence, as to strike this conviction into every impartial mind, and to convey this consolation into every humble heart—*verily there is a reward for the righteous ; verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth !*

Still it cannot be denied that many things in the divine proceedings are hard to be accounted for, and hard to be borne. It is agreeable to our ideas of a wise, good, and impartial God, that every creature of his hands should be fitted for the cir-

cumstances of his habitation, and that the circumstances of his habitation should be suited to his nature and wants. This in general holds true in the case of man. But it is evident that many individuals are of a constitution too delicate, of a frame of mind too refined, and of a set of feelings too sensible and tender, for the roughening scenes, the thorny paths, and the rude tempests, through which they are forced to pass. Their natures have not strength, their minds have not fortitude, adequate to the weight of evils under which they are forced to groan. How often does a storm burst upon a prosperous individual, or a prosperous family, while a cloud is not seen to arise, and their most vigorous hopes are torn up, and their most promising prospects destroyed in the tornado ? The case is not uncommon in the country, for a man to toil and sweat to secure the last shock of grain, or the last load of hay, and then to see his full barn, containing all the produce of his fields and meadows, consumed in a moment by a flash of lightning.

How many enterprising geniuses have, for the hope of gain, traversed the seas, and by trading from country to country, for several years, have accumulated riches sufficient to

to support a family in splendor and independence? They send word to their friends that they may soon expect them loaded with treasure. They purchase a ship, freight it with all their abundance, and take passage for their native country. They sail prosperously till within sight of their paternal shores; when, lo! they are suddenly intercepted by a dreadful tempest, and the vessel and precious cargo are overwhelmed in the deep.

It is difficult to conceive how nature can meet with a greater shock, or the powers of the soul be put to a severer trial, than by being startled out of sleep by the crackling flames of our dwelling. Multitudes have gone to bed in security, slept soundly and in peace, and awaked not till they felt the suffocating smoke or the scorching blaze. The sudden flight, the cutting anxiety for their own safety, and for the safety of their family, not to mention the sense of the loss of their all, is enough to unhinge the mind, and put it out of possession of itself.

These cases are so distressful, that, where persons escape thus naked from a burning house, or a sinking vessel, the hearts of friends, neighbours, and strangers, are opened to relieve their sufferings, and to repair their losses. A dwelling is erected for the houseless sufferer, and provision is made for the comfort of the child of want. O charity! thou offspring of heaven! Thou noblest of the virtues! How wretched would mankind be without thee!

and how happy wouldst thou make the world, if thy influence were universally felt! Happy the breast that cherishes thee, and happy the objects upon whom thou sheddest thy tears and thy blessings!

But there is one case that is attended with circumstances of distress almost equal to the foregoing, which, nevertheless, does not excite equal commiseration, nor is admitted to equal relief. A young woman, with the consent of her parents, connects herself with a young man, against whose character or circumstances there appears no reasonable objection. They live in credit and fashion several years. But imprudences or misfortunes, which he conceals from every body as long as possible, reduce him to bankruptcy. All at once his credit is lost, his creditors seize his effects, the house is stripped, the family is broken up, the husband absconds, and the deserted and impoverished wife returns forlorn and depressed, with three or four helpless children, to the house of her father, or some other friend, where, perhaps, she lingers out the rest of her days in mortification and dependence.

What a striking comment do these instances give us upon the reflection of the wise man—*Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!* And how strongly do they enforce the advice of him that was wiser than Solomon, —*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.*

A N E C D O T E.

MISS Hannah More expressed her surprise to Dr. Johnson, that a poet, who had written *Paradise Lost*, should write *poor sonnets*.

The doctor answered—"Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry stones."

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. IV.

Many the scenes of sorrow and distress

This world affords.

Sad, sick'ning thought! and yet deluded man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,

With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.—THOMSON.

IT appears almost impossible, in our first view of nature, that such a thing should exist, as a young and rising character; one, whose mind is garnished with every classic accomplishment, whose soul swells with benevolence and exults in humanity—falling a prey to the gilded allurements of lust and the impious incitement of the drunkard and gamester. Yet so it is, and the volume of experience unfolds its ample pages to prove the assertion. Ourselves have beheld, and (perhaps) been connected with promising characters, who have been gradually degenerated and finally fell victims to these delusive pleasures. No doubt but we have dropped a tear at the recollection of their failings; but have we used the language of reason in trying to correct them? Have we, like the considerate parent and real friend, ever stretched forth the willing arm to prevent their falling; or so much as pulled them by the sleeve, when harkening to the deceptive insinuations of artful hypocrisy? Have we, in the days of youth and flexibility, opened to their view the beauty of virtue, and in the closet revealed to them our most rational ideas of man and manners—painted in their glaring deformity the sons of vice and depravity; or filled their glowing imaginations with romantic images of pleasure and happiness? Perhaps we have sledged them with the follies of fashion and

tipped their wings with the dross of *etiquette*, opened to their view, as a source of bliss, the crowded scenes of life, and made them to understand that the person who bows the lowest and talks the most, is their best friend, and deserves their unlimited confidence; by which means they fell from the humble path of rectitude into the gorgeous sepulchre of pallid vice.

The fault is surely in some one, and the eye of reason looks suspicious on the parent and instructor. It is from them ideas and manners are supposed to originate; from them the mind receives its first and lasting impressions; and by them the youth is conducted to the path he pursues. For, according to the al-
 cement we receive from childhood to puberty, our character is most generally established.

The Investigator hopes his mentioning these things will lead the reflective part of society to an examination of their conduct towards those, entrusted to their care. It being upon their shoulders, the weight of government and the cultivation of manners must ere long devolve. To them, generations to come will look for instruction and example. The eye of ambition will view them as models worthy of imitation. Of course you ought to conclude, that whatever befalls them will be charged to your account. That Being, who presides at the helm of nature, is both *just*
 and

and *righteous*, and will accordingly punish every one for the crimes by him *produced*.

I now pass to a picture of society as it now is, from whence you may conclude what it will be, if a reform in manners is not speedily adopted.

Friendship, with all its heavenly influence, is but pencil-work on the robe of hypocrisy. Good nature has become the foot-ball of impudence; and Charity, the waste-book of slander. The world has so refined itself in cunning and deceit; so mystical are its aims, that we must live in it twice before we can avoid its entanglements, much less partake of its enjoyments. The days of contentment are over, so far as it respects civilized society; that goddess, which has been the theme of millions, now slumbering in the tomb, and the subject of thousands, who unsuccessfully pursue her, has either fled the habitable globe, or wanders with the unrefined part of creation through the lonely forest; where riches are not found to pollute, or avarice to destroy. The accumulation of wealth is now the only spur to action; it prompts many to perform the most servile offices that pride can invent, and its magnetic power draws them through all the despicable labyrinths of vice and corruption. In fine, riches has become the household god of every nation, and receives more adoration than the Being, who protects them. Wit, if we may so call it, has taken the chair, once occupied by sound judgment, from whence it deals its insipid compound through clubs of sociability. Where simple innocence entertained her honest companions, loquacious slander rears her baleful head, and corrupts the stream of discourse with a *damning* descrip-

tion of things and people. The multitude, fearful of losing a single syllable, attend with gaping mouths, joyful eyes, and widened ears. These same *good* people, when summoned to attend the ordinances of religion, have always at hand some frivolous excuse, or go with demure faces, in hopes of catching something worthy of *bitter* observation. We read of the cardinal virtues; but, rarely see them practised. We hear of the *good old man* bending with virtue to the mouldering tomb; but are seldom so fortunate as to partake of his company.

"I saw, (says a friend of mine, who had just returned from his tour of Europe,) in the city of London, a gentleman, whose visage bore the traits of piety and godliness; his hair hung in silver ringlets on his shoulders and approached in vagrant locks his forehead, wrinkled with years and wisdom. His demeanor was grave and respectful; his language solemn and impressing; such as would inspire devotion in the breast of a deist. A black cloak concealed all but his face from the eyes of the beholder; even that was sufficient to afford a gaze of astonishment. A damsel sat in a chair opposite the venerable father; a gleam of beauty was visible through the meanness of her apparel; yet depression clouded her countenance, and a tear oft stole from her eye, as she turned her head to the window. I felt for her, but was interrupted from more attentively viewing her person by the elegant harangue of her guide, who was descanting on the depravity of the times. No subject could be more applicable to my feelings, or more congenial with my thoughts; so I attended with wonder and delight. A glow of divinity irradiated his countenance as he emphasized

sized on the beauty of virtue, and the happiness attendant on a life of innocence. He had wound my feelings to a pitch of ecstasy indescribable, when the clock struck twelve, which interrupted and ended his discourse. His hat was in his hand, and my solicitations could not prevent his departure. I waited upon him to the door, where I stood gazing with astonishment, until he, supported by the damsel, had turned a corner, which fairly hid him from my view. Returning to the landlord, with great importunity, I began to inquire who that venerable personage was, that had just left us. A loud laugh succeeded the request, which so irritated my heated imagination, that I lifted up my cane with a determination to level a blow at the impudent rascal; but a person, who stood just behind me seized the uplifted weapon and wrenched it from my hand; then, with due submission, begged to pacify me. Unable, by my passion, to reason, and by my defenceless condition to chastise, I hastily walked from the bar-room to the parlour, where, after two or three turns, filled with contemplative vengeance, I was interrupted by the person who had possession of my cane. "Sir, says he, you are a stranger; forgive my intrusion, it being to afford you the satisfaction you desired; or at least to clear up the cause of your treatment." This was somewhat pacifying, so I bade him go on. "The host, I allow,

was rather unseasonable in his laughter, but the consciousness of your deception was the cause. It was this, that urged me to the impoliteness, which drove you from the room. The *venerable personage*, as you are pleased to call him, is as complete a knave and hypocrite as every drew the breath of nature; and under that sanctified form lurks matchless villainy and complicated vice." What! that man a villain? "Yes sir, as great a scoundrel as treads the earth. Not content with cheating every one he deals with, he has, sir, by the property he possesses, debauched numberless daughters of poverty and innocence. Did not you observe the young woman that was with him?—She, sir, is the daughter of one of his tenants, whom he has gained over to his inclinations by threats and bribery. Shocking as it may seem to you, yet so it is; and though tottering to the grave, he cannot forsake his vicious practices; they have become so habitual and necessary to his depraved inclinations. Hundreds, sir, in this city are his companions in vice and corruption." Struck with horror and detestation at what he recited, I forgave him and left the house."

Yet this is the age of profound literature and deep philosophy. This the period that approaches the glorious millennium, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and nature rejoice in the groves of innocence.

ANECDOTE of CHARLES FOX.

DR. JOHNSON, observed of Fox—He is a most extraordinary man; he has divided the kingdom with Cæsar, so that it was

a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George the third, or by the tongue of Fox.

ALEXIS :

ALEXIS : Or, The *COTTAGE* in the *WOODS*.

(Continued from the 616th page.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF DORANCE CONTINUED.

ON the night previous to our departure from Grenoble, a departure which, you will easily conceive, has grieved me much—I saw her. “My dear Duverly,” said she, melting in tears, “all is over, we are wretched for ever!—My father has given me formal notice, that I must resolve to be the colonel’s in a twelvemonth—that very man whom I detest, whom I abhor!”—“In a twelvemonth!” “Yes, because the young man is gone to make a campaign, and is to be married to me upon his return.”—“Ah! my Rosina, what a blow!”—“Cruel indeed, Duverly! but I am under the control of a mother, and she must be obeyed.—She must be obeyed!—Conceive, Dorance, only conceive my grief! Your father then requested me to accompany you to Paris: I could not resist his desire; I set out, but I leave you to think, whether I would not have preferred staying at Grenoble! My rival was not there; I might have been a whole year with my charming Rosina, I would have been at liberty to see her every day at Mrs. des Roches! Ah, how happy would have been my lot!” Duverly was silent for a moment, though the confidence he had just made, really wounded my feelings, and made me consider Mrs. des Roches as a vile, despicable woman. I would not, by delivering my true sentiments, aggravate my friend’s suffering condition. He then continued as follows:

“At my departure from Grenoble, Rosina promised to write to me, and I have actually received a letter of her’s a fortnight ago. It is this letter, Dorance, which has given me a mortal blow. Here it is: I shall read it to you, and from it you will judge all the extent of my misery.”

I did not, my children, know Adela’s hand writing. Duverly, who was sure of that, risked nothing to shew it me: but he took care not to let me peruse it, as he had a mind to change some expressions, which would have otherwise undeceived me.* He began, therefore to peruse it very slowly, for fear of making a blunder:

“Pardon me, my dear Duverly, for not having written sooner. My father is teasing me continually; and since the Colonel’s departure, he does hardly give me a minute’s time to see Mrs. des Roches. But, O fresh misfortune!—did you only know what sacrifice is exacted from poor Rosina!—My father is absolutely determined to put me into a convent, till the return of the Colonel!—Alas! I have put off, as long as I could, the moment of that fatal captivity—but he plagues, he persecutes me, and I shall at last be forced into compliance. Oh, let me often hear of you, my gentle friend! there is no other comfort on earth for Rosina.”

“This letter, (continued Duverly) this cruel letter, which informs me that my dear Rosina is to be shut up for a twelvemonth in an obscure retreat, where I find it will be impossible for me, if the event takes place, to write to her; this fatal letter

* The expressions which Duverly changed in reading Adela’s letter, are printed in Italics.

letter has troubled my senses, the ague has inflamed my blood, and a furious phrensy quite shook my brains; this, Dorance, this is the real cause of my disease."

When he had done speaking, I remarked such fire in his eyes, as made me sensible that it was not seasonable then to give him advice. Nevertheless he stood in need of the best of advice; for, what could be the aim of his passion for an object which was unknown to me? and that Mrs. des Roches, who made herself subservient to so shameful an intrigue; Oh! that character was odious and indignant to me! Nay, had I known that my Adela was the object in question; that the letter which had been read to me was from Adela; that the colonel and pretended rival was myself—great God! what would have become of me! but his fable was so well conceived, so well disguised; and as yet, he had spoke so ill of Miss Myrfeange, that I thought she could not be the person. I had even not the least idea of it in my mind; and, had I not explained it, my children, you would not have guessed better than I did then. As to Mrs. des Roches, she was no relation of Duverly, as he gave out, but one of these violent go-betweens, whose only pleasure is to hatch plots, and with whom we meet with every where to promote disorder. And yet, I will not have you believe that her house was a place of debauchery, but only a place most convenient for lovers whose business is short. Mrs. des Roches was a woman of *second-hand* principles, willing to serve in all intrigues, the intent of which did not, to a certain point, affect her delicacy. My father and the baroness were perfectly ignorant of the acquaintance Adela had contracted with that

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D

woman. It was Duverly who had appointed her that rendezvous, whither she made it convenient to repair, to enjoy the company of her gallant.

All these particulars, my children, I unluckily heard; but long afterwards; but I was obliged to expose them to you, in order to shew how much I have been deceived. Grant me your whole attention, you shall see the most perfidious and as well framed a plot as ever entered the head of man, to betray the good faith of his equals.

"My friend," said I to Duverly, "your situation is very cruel! You are now sensible that love is not easily controlled, and you can no longer blame me for harbouring that passion, for adoring, I say, the charming Adela, in spite of your wise persuasions and the faults you find in her."—"Do you love her still?" said he, with a kind of emphasis—"Yes, you do, I feel it but too well!—and, although this object of your affection would never have made any impression upon me, yet, as you observe, love knows no control! My dear friend, you see I am not in a condition to write; will you favour me to write the answer to this letter? I will dictate it: take pen and ink—oblige me in this!—you cannot refuse a dying friend!" I hesitated for some time how I was to act: but his entreaties—he was dying—what could I do?—I placed a table close to his bed-side, and he dictated to me the following letter:

"Oh! how much has your letter affected me, my sweetest love! You in a convent—you in a twelvemonth, in the arms of a rival! What rival; how dangerous is he!—Did you know!—but no matter; as we love one another, death alone can part us!—The obstacles, however, which

which I find in my way, have been very likely to cost me my life. I was, a few days ago, at the very brink of the grave; but a sincere friend, a friend whose heart is excellent, has withheld me. I entrusted him with the secret of our correspondence: he is another myself; he shares my sufferings and your own, yet he does not know you! It is he who traces these characters, which fell sickness denies my debile hand. Yes, when you receive this letter, O my love! think on me; think on him, and behold the expressions of love written by the hand of friendship!

"When the term of my sufferings shall be past, when heaven shall have restored my health, I intend going directly to Grenoble, I—"

Here I interrupted him, to ask what he meant by this, but he begged me to go on, and he would explain afterwards the phrase which made me stop.

"I shall go to Mrs. des Roches, in whose house I mean to hide myself for some time. There I shall see you, there I shall swear a thousand times the most tender, the most constant attachment. O my charming Adela!—this hope gives me a new life: my sufferings vanish!—I think on you, I suffer no more!"

Duverly used his utmost endeavours to sign his name in a legible manner: I then folded up and sealed the letter, when he desired me to put upon it the following direction:

"A Madame
Madame des Roches, Rue Perrierre,
Grenoble."

One might have said the balm of comfort had been poured into his breast: his eyes became a little serene, his cheeks flushed with the blooming tokens of health, and he pressed my hand in a manner expressive of sentiment. "My friend,"

said he, "this is not the only favour I have to beg of you. It is in your power to restore me to life; but you must pledge your word of honour to perform what I shall require. Suffer me to return to Grenoble; I shall hide myself; I shall see my Rosina, and be happy! You will therefore write to your father, to let him know that I am much better; that we always do business as usual, &c. &c. I will even send you letters for him, and which you will enclose in your own. My friend, restore me to life, as it will cost so little.

This project excited my indignation, which I expressed by a plain refusal. Had you but seen the traitor weep, sigh and supplicate! he even fainted; and I was afraid it would be his last. "Wretch!" said I, within myself, "what a passion! what a phrenzy!—Alas! he is a madman who must be taken care of against his own self!—But were my father to discover him at Grenoble! were he to detect me as an impostor!—I expose myself to his anger!—Well, I will fall down at his feet, and describe the condition my friend was in: I shall confess my weakness, and he will grant me his pardon. Besides, Duverly is not my slave, he has a right to act as he pleases!—And what right have I to hinder him?—Well! imprudent as it will be of me, my imprudence will save his life, it will restore my friend!"—"Yes, Duverly!" exclaimed I, "Yes, I will do all to serve you; only live and let this be my reward."

Here the patient embraced me; he wept, laughed, was moved, and fell asleep. I left him at day break, and jealous of keeping my word, went immediately to carry the letter to the post-office.

Don't you admire my complaisance?

fance?—Oh! we are not come to the point yet; you will see me act a part—a part that will make me blush all my life time; it proves my imprudence and my foolishness;—but I must go on.

The chevalier got well in about a week. It is useless for me to tell you how often, during that time, he talked of his love, and the pleasures he was going to enjoy at Grenoble!—At last, impatient to wait for his full and perfect recovery, he embraced me, and departed, informing the counsellor, that he was to take possession of a considerable estate in Auvergne, to which he had succeeded by a legal right of inheritance; and that his absence should not exceed two months at furthest.

“It would be to no purpose,” said he, “for you to inform Mr. Dorance, the father, of my departure; for he, having entrusted me with the conduct of his son, might be offended at my losing sight of him for some time; but he is no longer a child; and moreover, in what house, sir—in what house more respectable than your’s could he be?—Are you not a real father to him.—Ah! with you, he wants no Mentor!”

The counsellor, whose self-love was interested, promised not to write to my father; and Duverly set out, promising to let me frequently know his sufferings or his success, and requesting me to answer his letters, under cover, and direct them to Mrs. des Roches.

A long period of time passed before I heard of him; I received at last the following letter, two months after his departure!

“Can you believe it, my friend!—I am the happiest of mortals;—Rosina loves me still!—she has shown so much repugnance to the convent, that her father would not

persist any longer in his former decree. Yet, there is another old Cerberus, the colonel’s father, who follows her like his own shadow—Cupid, however, discomfits secretly the Arguses of Minerva—Rosina comes occasionally to visit Mrs. des Roches, where I have been lodged ever since my arrival. Not a soul has seen me yet in this town; the house of my relation is a real hermitage, and is richly provided with all the sweets of life.—Here I may enjoy the pleasure of a walk in a delightful garden, adorned with little woods, and the most delicious groves.—Groves; can I utter this word without retracing to my mind the happiness I enjoyed yesterday!—Durst I make this avowal to my friend! will his delicacy not be offended?—O no, he loves, he must excuse the errors which love makes one apt to commit!—Yesterday, Rosina and I, being in one of those groves—they are so dangerous!—Love put his blind over the eyes of reason; it vanquished the resistance of Rosina—and I obtained a victory—alas! a cruel victory, as it cost her tears, and me regret!—Oh, my friend! lend me all your eloquence to console the fair I have seduced! Restore me my innocence to bring back the alarmed modesty which I have dispelled, and to re-plant a flower which I have nipt in her first bloom, in her first freshness;—Alas! Rosina now accuses me of her misfortune!—How will she dare to offer her hand to a husband! with what countenance will she kindle the torch of Hymen, having yielded her all to love! This causes her despair, this brings upon me, on her part, the keenest reproaches!—Dorance, my dear Dorance, oh! pity me, write, I crave your advice!—

“I cannot conclude this without speaking

speaking of your Adela.—They say she changes every day in a most singular manner ; and is torn by a grief whose source is unknown. Her physical parts are as much affected as her moral ones. She becomes fluttish, pouting, even ill-natured : she scolds at every body. There are such scenes passing between her and her mother !—My friend, I cannot blame you for being in love ; but if you were not to meet with equal return, oh ! how unfortunate would you be ! Adieu, reflect."

The perusal of this epistle put me to the blush, for the part I had acted in this intrigue. "Yes," said I, "it is I who am the author of that crime ! it is I !—Had I not consented to Duverly's secret departure, would he have seen Rosina, would he have been able to seduce her youth and virtue ? O imprudent ! what have I done ?—Would to God, I knew the colonel who is to be her husband !—I would confess my fault, discover the blow which his honour has received ; in short, hinder an honest man from being so basely deceived ! I shall know him ; I shall tell him ; he shall hear all, I will have nothing to reproach myself with, as having been the instrument of the misery of his life.—What do I say !—Vile agent to the most shameful intrigue, I had rather be silent. It behoves me to bury it in the deepest oblivion, and repent all my life of a conduct equally disgraceful to the dictates of honour and virtue."

I answered Duverly's letter, but in the most serious manner ; I made him sensible of his wrongs, and the baseness of the part he had made me act. I desired him to look out for another confidant, and concluded with conjuring him never to mention again an intrigue in which I

was ashamed to have been instrumental.

What effect this severe letter had upon him I shall not decide. During four months I never heard of him, and at the expiration of that time, I had the misfortune to receive a letter from the baroness, bringing the bad tidings of my father's death.

I made the utmost dispatch to Grenoble, where I found every body belonging to my father's family in mourning and consternation.

I had only some very distant relations in that town, and was resolved to leave it, as soon as I should have obtained Adela's hand, which her mother, jealous of the promise she had made my father, was always disposed to grant me.

I hoped to find Duverly prepared to console me, and to share my grief ! Judge of my astonishment when I could not get the least intelligence of him. I went to Rue Perrierre, to that Mrs. des Roches, where I knew he lodged, and to my utmost surprize, was informed that Mrs. des Roches had left town a week ago, and that the place she had chosen for her residence was unknown. I had not the least doubt of Duverly and his infamous accomplices having carried off the unfortunate Rosina, and that the former would not let me know the matter, for fear of incurring my father's displeasure. But, what often puzzled me was, that nobody at Grenoble had known Rosina, or her father. Indeed, not knowing the old man's name, I could not make proper inquiries about the family.

Thus my friend was gone : he had forsaken me ; he had broken the first ties of our friendship ! I for some time regretted him, but soon after considering his perverse morals, I made an effort to forget him,

him, and succeeded: so true it is that vice must be hateful to honest and virtuous hearts, and that with them it outweighs all other considerations.

In the mean while I saw every day my Adela, who was faithful to the portrait Duverly had drawn of her in his last; her mother, however, before whom she constrained herself, insisted on her giving me her hand; it was my father's last will; I was determined to receive it; yet without—love! This passion weakened in me every day, and I acted barely with passive obedience to the baroness, because I foresaw the abyss which threatened my ruin. I often attempted to try Adela's sentiments toward me, and I found, that though she had no liking to me, she was not against accepting my hand. At last, being persuaded to marriage on all sides, when the fatal day fixed for the ceremony was come, I conducted miss to the altar, and brought her back without joy as without sadness; but with a sentiment of inquietude, which I could not account for. Arrived at home, my spouse demanded to speak in private with me and her mother; we complied with her request, and saw her with surprise, throw herself at our feet, and make the following singular speech: "Mother, you have forced me to marry this gentleman! You know the struggles I went through, and how often you have rejected me from your bosom; give me, for heaven's sake, give me time to know him, to acknowledge his real merit, and to render myself worthy of the tenderness he condescends to have for me!—I only beg leave for two

months to retire to Mrs. Reigny's, my aunt, at St. Marcellin. There I shall have leisure to deliberate better; there I will do every endeavour to deserve the affection and love of the man who merits to find more gratitude in me! Oh, my mother, and you, sir, grant me this favour! I beg it on my knees! Alas, can you deny me?"

The baroness was going to load her daughter with reproaches and threats; but I was so moved, the voice of Candor appealed so loud to my heart, that I thought it would be cruelty to refuse so singular a demand, which was nigh to have affected the life of the unfortunate Adela. Joining, therefore, my entreaties to her own, we at last obtained her mother's consent. At the same time she loaded her with curses and imprecations, and swore never to see her again. "Sir," added she, "I have no farther rights upon her: do with her what you advise best: for my own part, I will no more hear of her; no, no more!—She is the scourge of my old age!"

The baroness suddenly left the room, and would not even so much as give her a letter for Mrs. Reigny. I was as much perplexed as my spouse: I sent a trusty servant with her, she stepped quickly into the carriage with her woman, and arrived that very day at St. Marcellin. My servant returned the next day, with a letter from Adela, in which she thanked me for the permission I had granted her, assuring me, that a trait so generous would never be erased from her memory, and that she could already promise me the possession of her heart.

(To be continued.)

The PILGRIM'S STORY.

(Concluded from page 383.)

AT the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint: They pierced my very heart—attuning every heart to sympathetic pity.

Elvira hinted a wish that he would endeavour to recollect them; he complied with her desire, and thus began:

"Within this dear and silent gloom,
The lost Louisa pines unknown;
Fate shrouds her in a living tomb,
And heaven relentless hears her groan:
Yet midst the murky shades of woe,
The tear of fond regret shall flow.

"Yon lofty wall, that mocks my grief,
Still echoes with my ev'ning pray'r;
The gale that fans the trembling leaf,
Shall waft it through the realms of air.
Till prostrate at the throne of heav'n,
Unpitied love shall be forgiv'n!

"Or if to endless sorrow born—
If doom'd to fade a victim here;
Still pining, friendless, and forlorn,
Ah! let religion drop one tear;
Like holy incense shall it prove,
To heal the wounds of hopeless love.

"Ye black'ning clouds that sail along,
Oh, hide me in your shade profound;
Ye whisp'ring breezes, catch my song,
And bear it to the woods around!
Perchance some hapless petrarck's feet
May wander near this dread retreat.

"Ah! tell him love's delicious strain
No rapture yields, no joy inspires,
Where cold religion's icy chain
Has long subdu'd its quiv'ring fires;
No ray of comfort gilds the gloom,
That marks the hapless vestal's tomb!

"The ruby gem within my breast
Now faintly glows with vital heat;
Each warring passion sinks to rest:
My freezing pulses slowly beat.
Soon shall these languid eye-lids close,
And death's stern mandate seal my woes.

"Then, when the virgin's matin song
Shall 'midst the vaulted roof resound,
Haply the tuneful seraph throng
Shall whisper gentle pity round;
While virtue, sighing o'er my bier,
Shall drop unseen—a fainted tear!"

From that moment I determined to release the beautiful Louisa, or perish between the flinty confines of her prison; the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishments that would be inflicted on the perpetrators of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

Chance, however, completed what years of indefatigable industry might not have accomplished: the abbess of Saint Teresa was suddenly attacked by an alarming indisposition, her life was supposed to be in extreme danger; and as the lady Louisa was of the highest rank among the holy sisterhood, she was entrusted with the entire government of the convent, and unlimited possession of the rights of a superior. It was not difficult, under these circumstances, to accomplish her wish; my letters were delivered without creating the smallest suspicion, and the rapturous hour was appointed for her escape from misery.

Her heart was susceptible of the finest passions; she relied on my honour, and I never deceived her. She had long considered herself as a victim doomed to eternal solitude; the extraordinary and unexpected change my propositions presented, the prospect of happiness that opened

ed to her soul, gave energy to hope, and strength to resolution; I provided horses, and a convenient disguise: Heaven smiled upon the deed, and gave to my fond arms the beautiful Louisa. We traversed the wood for some miles, and taking the route towards Marseilles, in three days reached that port in safety.

There we were united in holy bands. The mistress of my affections became the wife of my bosom! and I became the proud possessor of a treasure, worlds could not have purchased!

Having procured a vessel, we set sail for Florence; the winds were propitious, we arrived unmolested at Leghorn, and from thence proceeded to the most beautiful city in the universe!

My adored Louisa, whose early days had been devoted to religious duties, evinced not the smallest desire to relinquish the delights of retirement; her mind, accustomed to an uninterrupted scene of tranquillity, dreaded to engage in the tumultuous bustle of the busy world. We hired a beautiful little villa in the vicinity of Florence; and blest in the full possession of all that mutual affection and mental gratification could afford, looked down with pity on the proudest distinctions in the power of any earthly monarch to bestow!

Three delicious years of perfect happiness cemented the bonds of undeviating attachment, when a regatta, in celebration of the Pope's accession, awoke the attention, and excited the curiosity of all ranks of people.

My Louisa was tempted to partake of the amusement; and in the midst of delightful festivity, when every heart bounded with rapture—mine alone received the dreadful fiat of eternal anguish.

The arno was beautifully serene; the silvery surface reflecting, as in a gently moving mirror; the verdant banks sloping to the margin, enamelled with flowers, and crowded with spectators. Thousands of little boats, decorated with variegated streamers, were seen skimming along the lucid current; some containing the most dulcet harmony, and others lightly shading with their silken awnings, the sparkling eyes and roseate blushes of enchanting beauty.

My Louisa was charmed with this new and fascinating spectacle, Our *barchetta*, which was decorated with festoons of myrtle, was gently rowed by youths dressed in the habits of Arcadian shepherds. The mind, soothed to repose by the enchanting scene, sunk into that sweet indolence, which, like the slumbers of wearied and exhausted nature, replenished its faculties, and awaken its perfections to renovated lustre! My Louisa reclined her gentle form upon a matras of yellow taffety; the warmth of the evening heightened the glow upon her lovely cheek, and threw a delicious languor on her eyes, that rendered her the object of universal admiration!

My heart was full of rapture—I beheld my precious treasure with more delight than language can describe. The universe had nothing to bestow on me beyond what I possessed; and my enchanted sense could scarcely conceive any thing more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness!

We arrested our oars to gratify the soul with the exquisite harmony proceeding from a magnificent barge moored near the margin of the river; when, on a sudden, a young man, of athletic form, and noble mien, darted forward, and, seizing my beloved Louisa, was bearing

bearing her in his arms to a boat along side of us.

Every nerve that quivered round my heart, throbbed at this unexpected outrage; the stranger committed his prize to the care of his companions, then advancing towards me while the lightnings of revenge flashed from his indignant eyes, drew a stiletto from his sleeve, and aimed a stroke at my unguarded breast. I warded off the blow, and turned his dastard weapon on himself.—The point entered his heart—he sunk breathless at my feet.

Louisa opened her beauteous eyes to all the horrors of despair and death!—She had only time to exclaim, “My brother!” when the life-blood rushing from her convulsive lip—she hid her icy cheek on my distracted bosom—and instantly expired!

Frenzy now seizing on my tortured brain, suggested the foul crime of self-annihilation; but justice, like a pitying cherubim, snatched the dire weapon, reeking with kindred blood, from my assassin hand. I was torn from the lifeless victims of impatience, and thrown into the dungeons of horror and repentance:—The Count de Clairville, the brother of my murdered angel, was the only relation relentless fate had left her;—her name is now extinct—but her virtues are immortal! She had been compelled to take the veil, from a base and little pride, which too frequently sacrifices the younger female branches of illustrious, but indignant families, to a barbarous and perpetual imprisonment.

The unfortunate De Clairville was returning from his travels; destined to a military life, he had lately received a commission, and was hastening to join his regiment then at Lyons. He had long given up

the fruitless search after his adored sister—Fate brought her to his view—then closed his eyes forever.

The Count having given the first assault, my punishment was mitigated; my doom, ten years imprisonment; and afterwards perpetual banishment from a country, whose laws I had violated, and whose annals I had stained with blood. The former part of my sentence expired in days of weeping, and in nights of anguish—until the excess of grief produced a fullen stupor, that rendered me insensible to every calamity.

Time gave again to my sad eyes the cheerful light of heaven, and with it, all the pangs of fatal recollection. Driven from society—an alien to my native country—an outcast from every hope of future happiness—alone, unfriended, lost, forgotten—I knew not whither to direct my course: One half of my little fortune was forfeited to the state, and meagre poverty stretched forth her icy fangs to seal my destiny. By perseverance through a long and painful journey, I arrived in Spain, a wanderer and unknown, labouring under all the agonies of conscious misery.

I have from that hour resided among the mountains in the vicinity of Madrid. My little hovel was too obscure to excite curiosity, and its solitary tenant too poor to dread interruption. Poverty and sorrow are the strongest securities against the intrusions of mankind; let adversity guard your threshold, and you may linger through an uninterrupted life of mournful seclusion.

Yet, I do not presume to repine; for, alas, every hour convinces me, that prayers and tears are not sufficient to expiate my crimes. The penance I have imposed on myself, is a sad and tedious pilgrimage to
Loretto,

Loretto, and the first instance I experience of divine benignity, is the benevolent hospitality I now enjoy in the forest of Vancenza.

The pilgrim, rising from his wicker chair, bowed respectful to his lovely auditors. Elvira gave his sorrows a tributary tear—it fell upon his hand that rested on his staff, as she stood near him—he pressed it to his lips—it revived his mournful heart—for it was the holy tear of commiserating virtue!

Before the sun rose from its eastern canopy, the pilgrim resumed his toilsome journey of penitence and sorrow. The following melancholy verses were found upon the table in the chamber where he had passed the night:

O'ER deserts untrodden, o'er moss-covered'd hills,
I have wander'd forlorn and alone;
My tears I have mingled with slow-winding rills,
And the rocks have repeated my groan.
I have seen the wan moon from her silver veil peep,
As she rose from her cloud-dappled bed;
I have heard the dread hurricane yell midst the deep,
As the lightning play'd over my head.
When the tempest subsided, I saw the faint dawn
O'er the eastern cliff meekly appear;
While each king-cup that droop'd on the dew-spangled lawn,
From its golden lids dropp'd a soft tear.
I have seen the bright day-star illumine the earth,
I have hail'd the proud sovereign of fire;
I have mark'd the pale primrose, scarce waken'd to birth,
Ere I sigh'd to behold it expire.

How oft have I pitied the plaint of the dove,

How I've mus'd near the nightingale's nest!

For, ah, when the minstrel sung sweetly of love,

'Twas soft sympathy thrill'd thro' my breast.

I have seen the tall forest o'ershadow the glade,

And extend its broad branches on high,
But how soon I have mark'd its rich canopy fade,

And its yellow leaves whirl'd to the sky;

I have sigh'd o'er the sod where some lover was laid;

I have torn the rude weeds from his breast;

I have deck'd it with flow'rets, and oft have I said,

"How I envy thy pallet of rest!"

I have trac'd the long shades of the wave's silky green,

When the storm gather'd over the main;

I have gaz'd with delight on the landscape serene,

When the ev'ning-bell toll'd on the plain.

Exulting and gay, I have smil'd to behold Proud nature luxuriantly drest;

I have wept when I saw her uncover'd and cold,

And the winter-blast howl'd o'er her breast.

Since such are the scenes of this valley of care,

Since each pleasure is mingled with pain;

Still let me the raptures of sympathy share,

And my bosom shall scorn to complain.

Tho' destin'd to wander o'er mountains of snow,

Vancenza, oh, mansion divine!

The pilgrim shall smile at his journey of woe,
And his heart, his warm heart, shall be thine.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

PHILANTHROPY.

IT is said by philosophers that the size of the globules, which float in the vificles of animalcules, is at such an inconceivable remove below that of an elephant, that the globe we inhabit is found scarcely large enough for a third proportional.

When we consider the transitory pleasures of sensual gratification, in comparison with the exquisite delight, which results from acts of benevolence, reason approves, while the former are compared to the globules, and the latter to the globe.

The sons of *Epicurus* have rioted in the lap of pleasure, indulged in a tide of luxury, despised the cultivation of the mind, trampled on the liberal arts, been the ruin of once flourishing kingdoms and empires, and never contributed to the happiness of man, except when they

gave up the ghost. *O cæcis hominum mentes ! O pectora cæca.*

LUCRETIVS

THE life of the late JOHN HOWARD was distinguished, in an unparalleled degree, by a series of benevolent, arduous exertions for the relief of the indigent neighbour, and of the sick, helpless, dying prisoner, in his own country, and in almost every other under heaven. HOWARD, by his unbounded humanity, has established a name more durable than the *Andes*.

These shall totter, melt, and sink in endless Ruin ; but thy name, thou dearest friend of man,

Shall supersede the wreck of time ; shall, by Th' angelic host be caught, and re-echoed With never-ending and increasing plaudits, Through heaven's vast concave.

MODENA.

HISTORY of ARNAUD LA LUC.

[From the "ROMANCE of the FOREST."]

IN the village of Lelonecourt, celebrated for its picturesque situation at the foot of the Savoy Alps, lived Arnaud La Luc, a clergyman, descended from an ancient family of France, whose decayed fortunes occasioned them to seek a retreat in Switzerland, in an age when the violence of civil commotion seldom spared the conquered. He was minister of the village, and equally loved for the piety and benevolence of the Christian, as respected for the dignity and elevation of the philosopher. His was the philosophy of nature, directed by common sense. He despised the jargon of the modern schools and the bril-

liant absurdities of systems, which have dazzled without enlightening, and guided without convincing their disciples.

His mind was penetrating ; his views extensive ; and his systems, like his religion, were simple, rational, and sublime. The people of his parish looked up to him as to a father ; for while his precepts directed their minds, his example touched their hearts.

In early youth La Luc lost a wife, whom he tenderly loved. This event threw a tincture of soft and interesting melancholy over his character, which remained when time had mellowed the remembrance

brance that occasioned it. Philosophy had strengthened, not hardened, his heart; it enabled him to resist the pressure of affliction, rather than to overcome it.

Calamity taught him to feel with peculiar sympathy the distresses of others. His income from the parish was small, and what remained from the divided and reduced estates of his ancestors did not much increase it; but though he could not always relieve the necessities of the indigent, his tender pity and holy conversation seldom failed in administering consolation to the mental sufferer. On these occasions the sweet and exquisite emotions of his heart have often induced him to say, that could the voluptuary be once sensible of these feelings, he would never after forego "the luxury of doing good."—"Ignorance of true pleasure," he would say, "more frequently than temptation to that which is false, leads to vice."

La Luc had one son and a daughter, who were too young, when their mother died, to lament their loss. He loved them with peculiar tenderness, as the children of her whom he never ceased to deplore; and it was for some time his sole amusement to observe the gradual unfolding of their infant minds, and to bend them to virtue. His was the deep and silent sorrow of the heart; his complaints he never obtruded upon others, and very seldom did he even mention his wife. His grief was too sacred for the eye of the vulgar. Often he retired to the deep solitude of the mountains, and amid their solemn and tremendous scenery would brood over the remembrance of times past, and resign himself to the luxury of grief. On his return from these little excursions he

was always more placid and contented. A sweet tranquillity, which arose almost to happiness, was diffused over his mind, and his manners were more than usually benevolent. As he gazed on his children, and fondly kissed them, a tear would sometimes steal into his eye, but it was a tear of tender regret, unmingled with the darker qualities of sorrow, and was most precious to his heart.

On the death of his wife he received into his house a maiden sister, a sensible worthy woman, who was deeply interested in the happiness of her brother. Her affectionate attention and judicious conduct anticipated the effect of time in softening the poignancy of his distress, and her unremitted care of his children, while it proved the goodness of her own heart, attracted her more closely to his.

It was with inexpressible pleasure that he traced in the infant features of Clara the resemblance of her mother. The same gentleness of manner and the same sweetness of disposition soon displayed themselves, and as she grew up, her actions frequently reminded him so strongly of his lost wife as to fix him in reveries, which absorbed all his soul.

Engaged in the duties of his parish, the education of his children, and in philosophic research, his years passed in tranquillity. The tender melancholy with which affliction had tinged his mind was, by long indulgence, become dear to him, and he would not have relinquished it for the brightest dream of airy happiness. When any passing incident disturbed him, he retired for consolation to the idea of her he so faithfully loved, and yielding to a gentle, and what the world would call a romantic, sadness, gradually

gradually reassumed his composure. This was the secret luxury to which he withdrew from temporary disappointment—the solitary enjoyment which dissipated the cloud of care, and blunted the sting of vexation—which elevated his mind above this world, and opened to his view the sublimity of another.

The spot he now inhabited, the surrounding scenery, the romantic beauties of the neighbouring walks, were dear to La Luc, for they had once been loved by Clara; they had been the scenes of her tenderness, and of his happiness.

His chateau stood on the borders of a small lake that was almost environed by mountains of stupendous height, which, shooting into a variety of grotesque forms, composed a scenery singularly solemn and sublime. Dark woods intermingled with bold projections of rock, sometimes barren, and sometimes covered with the purple bloom of wild flowers, impended over the lake, and were seen in the clear mirror of its waters. The wild and alpine heights which rose above, were either crowned with perpetual snows, or exhibited tremendous crags and masses of solid rock, whose appearance was continually changing as the rays of light were variously reflected on their surface, and whose summits were often wrapt in impenetrable mists. Some cottages and hamlets, scattered on the margin of the lake, or seated in picturesque points of view on the rocks above, were the only objects that reminded the beholder of humanity.

On the side of the lake, nearly opposite to the chateau, the mountains receded, and a long chain of alps was seen stretching in perspective. Their innumerable tints and shades, some veiled in blue mists,

some tinged with rich purple, and others glittering in partial light, gave luxurious and magical colouring to the scene.

The chateau was not large, but it was convenient, and was characterized by an air of elegant simplicity and good order. The entrance was a small hall, which opening by a glass door into the garden, afforded a view of the lake, with the magnificent scenery exhibited on its borders. On the left of the hall was La Luc's study, where he usually passed his mornings; and adjoining was a small room fitted up with chymical apparatus, astronomical instruments, and other implements of science. On the right was the family parlour, and behind it a room which belonged exclusively to Madame La Luc. Here were deposited various medicines and botanical distillations, together with the apparatus for preparing them. From this room the whole village was liberally supplied with physical comfort; for it was the pride of Madame to believe herself skilful in relieving the disorders of her neighbours.

Behind the chateau rose a tuft of pines, and in front a gentle declivity, covered with verdure and flowers, extended to the lake, whose waters flowed even with the grass, and gave freshness to the acacias that waved over its surface. Flowering shrubs, intermingled with mountain ash, cypresses, and ever-green oak, marked the boundary of the garden.

At the return of spring it was Clara's care to direct the young shoots of the plants, to nurse the budding flowers, and to shelter them with the luxuriant branches of the shrubs from the cold blasts that descended from the mountains. In summer she usually rose with the sun,

sun, and visited her favourite flowers while the dew yet hung glittering on their leaves. The freshness of early day, with the glowing colouring which then touched the scenery, gave a pure and exquisite delight to her innocent heart. Born amid scenes of grandeur and sublimity, she had quickly imbibed a taste for their charms, which taste was heightened by the influence of a warm imagination. To view the sun rising above the alps, tinging their snowy heads with light, and suddenly darting his rays over the whole face of nature—to see the fiery splendour of the clouds reflected in the lake below, and the roseate tints first steal upon the rocks above—were among the earliest pleasures of which Clara was susceptible. From being delighted with the observance of nature, she grew pleased with seeing her finely imitated, and soon displayed a taste for poetry and painting. When she was about sixteen she often selected from her father's library those of the Italian poets most celebrated for picturesque beauty, and would spend the first hours of morning in reading them under the shade of the acacias that bordered the lake. Here too she would often attempt rude sketches of the surrounding scenery, and at length, by repeated efforts, assisted by some instruction from her brother, she succeeded so well as to produce twelve drawings in crayon, which were judged worthy of decorating the parlour of the chateau.

Young La Luc played the flute, and she listened to him with exquisite delight, particularly when he stood on the margin of the lake, under her beloved acacias. Her voice was sweet and flexible, though not strong, and she soon learned to modulate it to the instrument. She

knew nothing of the intricacies of execution; her airs were simple, and her style equally so, but she soon gave them a touching expression, inspired by the sensibility of her heart, which seldom left those of her hearers unaffected.

It was the happiness of La Luc to see his children happy, and in one of his excursions to Geneva, whither he went to visit some relations of his late wife, he brought Clara a flute. She received it with more gratitude than she could express; and having learned one air, she hastened to her favourite acacias, and played it again and again till she forgot every thing besides. Her little domestic duties, her books, her drawing, even the hour which her father dedicated to her improvement, when she met her brother in the library, and with him partook of knowledge, even this hour passed unheeded by. La Luc suffered it to pass. Madame was displeased that her niece neglected her domestic duties, and wished to reprove her, but La Luc begged she would be silent.

"Let experience teach her her error," said he; "precept seldom brings conviction to young minds."

Madame objected that experience was a slow teacher. "It is a sure one," replied La Luc, "and is not unfrequently the quickest of all teachers; when it cannot lead us into serious evil, it is well to trust to it."

The second day passed with Clara as the first, and the third as the second. She could now play several tunes; she came to her father and repeated what she had learnt.

At supper the cream was not dressed, and there was no fruit on the table. La Luc inquired the reason; Clara recollected it, and blushed. She observed that her brother was absent, but nothing was said.

said. Toward the conclusion of the repast he appeared; his countenance expressed unusual satisfaction, but he seated himself in silence. Clara inquired what had detained him from supper, and learnt that he had been to a sick family in the neighbourhood with the weekly allowance which her father gave them. La Luc had entrusted the care of his family to his daughter, and it was her duty to have carried them their little allowance on the preceding day, but she had forgot every thing but music.

"How did you find the woman?" said La Luc to his son. "Worse, Sir," he replied, "for her medicines had not been regularly given, and the children had had little or no food to-day."

Clara was shocked. "No food to-day!" said she to herself, "and I have been playing all day on my lute, under the acacias by the lake!" Her father did not seem to observe her emotion, but turned to his son. "I left her better," said the latter; "the medicines I carried eased her pain, and I had the pleasure to see her children make a joyful supper."

Clara, perhaps for the first time in her life, envied him his pleasure; her heart was full, and she sat silent. "No food to-day!" thought she.

She retired pensively to her chamber. The sweet serenity with which she usually went to rest was vanished, for she could no longer reflect on the past day with satisfaction.

"What a pity," said she, "that what is so pleasing should be the cause of so much pain! This lute is my delight, and my torment!" This reflection occasioned her much internal debate; but before she could come to any resolution upon the point in question, she fell asleep.

She awoke very early the next morning, and impatiently watched

the progress of the dawn. The sun at length appearing, she arose, and, determining to make all the atonement in her power for her former neglect, hastened to the cottage.

Here she returned to the chateau, her countenance had recovered all its usual serenity. She resolved, however, not to touch her lute that day.

Till the hour of breakfast she busied herself in binding up the flowers, and pruning the shoots that were too luxuriant, and she at length found herself, she scarcely knew how, beneath her beloved acacias by the side of the lake. "Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "how sweetly would the song I learned yesterday, sound now over the waters!" But she remembered her determination, and checked the step she was involuntarily taking towards the chateau.

She attended her father in the library at the usual hour, and learned, from his discourse with her brother on what had been read the two preceding days, that she had lost much entertaining knowledge. She requested her father would inform her to what this conversation alluded; but he calmly replied that she had preferred another amusement at the time when the subject was discussed, and must therefore content herself with ignorance.

"You would reap the rewards of study from the amusements of idleness," said he; "learn to be reasonable—do not expect to unite inconsistencies."

Clara felt the justness of this rebuke, and remembered her lute. "What mischief has it occasioned!" sighed she. "Yes, I am determined not to touch it at all this day. I will prove that I am able to control my inclinations when I

“It is necessary so to do.” Thus resolving, she applied herself to study with more than usual assiduity.

She adhered to her resolution, and towards the close of day went into the garden to amuse herself. The evening was still and uncommonly beautiful. Nothing was heard but the faint shivering of the leaves, which returned but at intervals, making silence more solemn, and the distant murmurs of the torrents that rolled among the cliffs. As she stood by the lake, and watched the sun slowly sinking below the Alps, whose summits were tinged with gold and purple; as she saw the last rays of light gleam upon the waters, whose surface was not curled by the lightest air, she sighed, “Oh, how enchanting would be the sound of my lute at this moment, on this spot, and when every thing is so still around me!”

The temptation was too powerful for the resolution of Clara: she ran to the chateau, returned with the instrument to her dear acacias, and beneath their shade continued to play, till the surrounding objects faded in darkness from her sight. But the moon arose, and, shedding a trembling lustre on the lake, made the scene more captivating than ever.

It was impossible to quit so delightful a spot; Clara repeated her favourite airs again and again.—The beauty of the hour awakened all her genius; she never played with such expression before, and she listened with increasing rapture to the tones, as they languished over the waters, and died away on the distant air. She was perfectly enchanted. “No! nothing was ever so delightful as to play on the lute beneath her acacias, on the margin of the lake, by moonlight!”

When she returned to the cha-

teau, supper was over. La Luc had observed Clara, and would not suffer her to be interrupted.

When the enthusiasm of the hour was passed, she recollected that she had broken her resolution, and the reflection gave her pain. “I prided myself on controlling my inclinations,” said she, “and I have weakly yielded to their direction. But what evil have I incurred, by indulging them this evening? I have neglected no duty, for I had none to perform. Of what then have I to accuse myself? It would have been absurd to have kept my resolution, and denied myself a pleasure, when there appeared no reason for this self-denial.”

She paused, not quite satisfied with this reasoning. Suddenly resuming her inquiry, “But how,” said she, “am I certain that I should have resisted my inclinations, if there *had* been a reason for opposing them? If the poor family, whom I neglected yesterday, had been unsupplied to-day, I fear I should again have forgotten them, while I played on my lute on the banks of the lake.”

She then recollected all that her father had at different times said on the subject of self-command, and she felt some pain.

“No,” said she, “if I do not consider that to preserve a resolution, which I have once solemnly formed; is a sufficient reason to control my inclinations, I fear no other motive would long restrain me. I seriously determined not to touch my lute this whole day, and I have broken my resolution. To-morrow perhaps I may be tempted to neglect some duty, for I have discovered that I cannot rely on my own prudence. Since I cannot conquer temptation, I will fly from it.”

On the following morning she brought her lute to La Luc, and begged he would receive it again, and at least keep it till she had taught her inclinations to submit to control.

The heart of La Luc swelled as she spoke. "No, Clara," said he, "it is unnecessary that I should receive your lute; the sacrifice you would make proves you worthy of my confidence. Take back the instrument; since you have sufficient resolution to resign it when it leads you from duty, I doubt not that you will be able to control its influence now that it is restored to you."

Clara felt a degree of pleasure and pride at these words, such as she had never before experienced; but she thought, that to deserve the commendation they bestowed, it was necessary to complete the sacrifice she had begun. In the virtuous

enthusiasm of the moment, the delights of music were forgotten in those of aspiring to well earned praise, and when she refused the lute thus offered, she was conscious only of exquisite sensations. "Dear sir," said she, tears of pleasure swelling in her eyes, "allow me to deserve the praises you bestow, and then I shall indeed be happy."

La Luc thought she had never resembled her mother so much as at this instant, and tenderly kissing her, he for some moments wept in silence. When he was able to speak, "You do already deserve my praises," said he, "and I restore your lute as a reward for the conduct which excites them." This scene called back recollections too tender for the heart of La Luc, and giving Clara the instrument, he abruptly quitted the room.

HOSPITALITY and GRATITUDE: An Historical ANECDOTE.

IN the latter part of the reign of Queen Ann, the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. On his passage to assume the reigns of government, he was shipwrecked, and took refuge in the house of a poor curate, whose Christian name was Joseph: Here he was entertained with the greatest hospitality. On his departure the Duke expressed a sense of the goodness of his host, and promised an ample reward: Weeks and months passed, and the curate heard nothing of his noble guest. His wife urged him to visit the Duke at the seat of his government—he replied, "the expenses of the journey will but increase our poverty. His grace

is too much taken up with the concerns of the public, and the parade of greatness, to attend to me."—Her entreaties at last however prevailed. The curate made a journey to Dublin, and obtained an introduction to the clergyman of the church at which the Duke attended public worship. He was invited to preach, and took the following words for his text—"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The text, and observations upon it, engaged the particular attention of his grace. After service he sent for the preacher, and asked him if any previous occurrence gave rise to the text, and to the sermon. An explanation took place. "You could not," said the Duke,

Duke, "have made your visit at a more fortunate time, a living of 500l. per annum is now vacant, I cannot do better than to bestow it on you." The curate, with the glad tidings, returned to his wife and family, and soon removed to taste the blessings of a richer cure. At the accession of George I. the Duke of Ormond fled into voluntary exile, to avoid the prosecution

of the whig administration. He was attainted, and his estate seized. The good curate forgot not his benefactor in adversity. He observed to his wife, "now, my dear, we have an opportunity to express our gratitude. 200l. per annum is an ample support for us—300l. will secure his grace from want." And for years the Duke was supported by the bounty of the curate.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ESSAYIST. No. XII.

On the influence of example in forming the characters of men.

THE purest joys, which man can taste
below,

From social intercourse and friendship
flow.

The hermit *feels*, though loath the truth to
own,

That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

Even blissful Adam, heaven's peculiar
care,

Sigh'd for a mate his happiness to share;
Heaven pitying heard, and bade him cease
to grieve,

And for one rib exchange'd the beauteous
Eve.

To every rank the principle extends;
Each individual knows his faithful friends;
When joy expands, or grief distracts his
heart,

These share his bliss, or kind relief impart
For grief divided loses half its weight,
But joys, when shar'd, still greater joys
create.

Hence social circles through the world
abound;

Hence scarce a friendless wretch on earth
is found.

But man, to imitate, by nature prone,
From others' manners ever forms his own,
When from the distant woods the rough
hewn clown,

With many an aukward stare is brought
to town,

Vol. VI.

At first he gazes round with wondering
eyes;

Here palaces and gilded spires arise;
There unaccustom'd sounds his ears in-
vade,

By noisy crouds and rattling coaches made.
The jostling throngs, that on each other
press;

Their unselt compliments; their brilliant
dress;

Their pert vivacious looks; their strutting
gait;

And all the splendid vanities of state,
Strike the untutor'd lad with strange sur-
prise,

He stares, and gapes, and scarce believes
his eyes.

But soon each object is familiar grown;
He soon becomes accustom'd to the town;
Approves those manners, which at first
seem'd odd;

Assumes the cit and lays aside the clod;
Improves his air, refines his taste and wit,
And imperceptibly becomes polite.

But not to manners only is confin'd
Example's mighty influence on mankind;
We think and act, we speak, we joy and
grieve,

Detest and love, like those, with whom we
live.

Those crimes, which shock at first, no more
offend,

Seen

Seen oft, and through the medium of a friend ;

His vices first look hideous, and we hate,
Indulge them next, then love, then imitate.

Then, since on virtue happiness depends,
And both together on the choice of friends,
Thrice blest are they, who only such obtain,
[reign ;

Whose passions yield to reason's gentle

Whose morals, piety, and learning join ;

To mend the heart the manners to refine ;

Whose pure examples with resistless power

Allure their devious feet to wisdom's bower ;

Who every virtue, every grace display ;

Who point the road to heaven and lead the way.

DESCRIPTION OF MANNA.

[From HARRIS's Natural History of the Bible.]

MANNA was the food of the children of Israel, which God gave them in the deserts of Arabia, during their continuance there for forty years, from the eighth encampment in the wilderness of Sin.

The manna mentioned by Moses was a little grain, white like hoar frost, round, and of the bigness of a coriander seed.* It fell every morning upon the dew ; and when the dew was exhaled by the heat of the sun, the manna appeared alone, lying upon the rocks or the sand.† It fell every day, except on the sabbath ; and this only around the camp of the Israelites.‡ It fell in so great quantities, during the whole forty years of their journey, that it was sufficient to feed the whole multitude, of above a million of souls.

Every one of whom gathered the quantity of an omer§ for his share every day. It maintained the whole multitude ; yet none of them found the eating it, attended with any inconvenience. Every sixth day there fell a double quantity, and though it putrified and bred maggots when it was kept any other day, yet on the sabbath it suffered no

such alteration. And the same manna, which was melted by the heat of the sun, when it was left in the field, was of so hard a consistence, when it was brought into the house, that it was used to be beaten in mortars, and would even endure the fire ; was made into cakes and baked in pans.

To commemorate their living upon omers, or tenth deals, of manna, one omer of it was put into a golden vase, and preserved for many generations by the side of the ark.||

Our translators, and others, make Moses fall into a plain contradiction, in relating the story of the manna ; which they render thus, *and when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, it is manna, for they wist not what it was* : Whereas the septuagint, and several authors, both ancient and modern, have translated the text according to the original : *The Israelites seeing this, said one to another, what is it ? For they knew not what it was*. For we must observe that the word by which they asked the question was in their language *man hu*, which signifies likewise *food ready prepared* ; and therefore it was always afterwards called *man*, or *manna*.

The

* Exod. xvi. 14.

† Numb. xi. 7.

‡ Exod. xvi. 5.

§ About two quarts and a pint, of our measure.

|| Exod. xvi. 32.

The scripture gives to manna the name of *the bread of heaven*, and *the food of angels*. Which are undoubtedly figurative allusions to its origin and its value. The author of the book of wisdom says* that it so accommodated itself to every one's taste, that it proved palatable and pleasing to all. And still at this day, there falls manna in several places of the world: In Arabia, Poland, Calabria, Mount Libanus, Dauphine, and elsewhere. The most famous is that of Arabia, which is a kind of condensed honey, to be found in summer upon the leaves of the trees, the herbs, the rocks, or the sand of Arabia Petrea. It is of the same figure that Moses describes. That about Mount Sinai is of a very strong smell, which is communicated to it by the herbs upon which it falls. It very easily evaporates, inasmuch that if thirty pounds of it were to be kept in an open vessel, there would hardly ten of it remain at the end of fifteen days. Salmasius thinks this of the same kind with that which fed the children of Israel. Several moderns are of the same opinion. It is true that the Arabian manna has a medicinal quality: But they pretend that if one should make it habitual, the stomach might be accustomed to it, as we know that people may be brought to such a diet as is naturally but little convenient for maintaining health. But we ought also to acknowledge that the manna

spoken of by Moses, had miraculous qualities, not to be found in the common; and which probably lasted no longer than while the Israelites were fed with it. However, we shall present the opinion of the learned Michaelis,† and with it conclude this interesting article.

“Manna bears a very near resemblance to the dew. Its origin is the very same; the only difference being that it remains, whereas dew evaporates. From this reason it is that in the countries, where manna is found, they have imagined that, like dew, it fell from above, and this conceit has got footing in the languages.

There is another kind which the Arabs, by way of distinction, term *celestial manna*. In the holy scripture we read that the manna fell along with the dew, and by the same figure which the profane poets made use of in calling the latter a gift of heaven, the truly inspired poet has called the manna *bread from heaven*. These expressions, to which the orientals were accustomed from their early years, have confirmed them in the opinion that the manna descended. It was not till the middle of the 16th century that the falsity of that opinion began to be seen into, and that in Italy manna was found to be no more than a gum exuding from plants, trees, and bushes, on being pierced by certain insects.”

* Ch. xvi. 29, 21.

† On the influence of opinions or language, 4to, p. 56.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

Addressed to the Ladies.

THE ancients ranked Friendship in the second class of human virtues; and many are the

instances recorded in history, where its energy has produced effects almost divine. Considered in its perfect

fect strength and beauty, it certainly is the most sublime, because the least selfish, affection of the soul.

Honour is its very essence ; courage, frankness, and generosity, its unalienable properties. Such is the idea delivered down to us of this noble sentiment, by its cotemporary writers, "who together flourished, and together fell : " for some centuries have elapsed, since this exalted phenomenon has deigned to appear among the degenerate sons of men ; and, like a mutilated statue, it is now become rather an object of admiration to a few virtuous in philosophy, than a subject for general emulation.

Montaign, among the moderns, seems to have felt a stronger emanation of this virtue, than any author I am acquainted with ; and, though the utmost stretch of his warm imagination gives us but a faint ray of its ancient lustre, yet even this slight resemblance appears too strong for our weak eyes, and seems rather to dazzle than attract our regards.

Our cotemporary, Dr. Young, has left us several very beautiful descriptions of friendship, which, though deficient in that fire which not only blazed, but burned, in this ancient virtue, are, however, sufficient to form both our theory and our practice upon :

" True friendship warms, it raises, it transports,

Like music pure the joy, without alloy,
Whose very rapture is tranquillity."

This is a very pleasing and just description of friendship in the abstract ; but it wants that energy which particular attachments add to all our sentiments, and without which, like a winter's sun, they shine, but not warm.

The same author has given us a more interesting, though, perhaps,

less elevated idea of this affection of the mind, in his address to a particular person :

Lorenzo, pride suppress, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee."

This is a new, and I think a just light, in which we may consider this sentiment ; for, though love may be formed without sympathy, friendship never can. It is, even in its degenerate state, an affection that cannot subsist in vicious minds ; and, among the most virtuous, it requires a parity of sentiment, manners, and rank, for its basis. Of all the nice ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness or misery of life, it is the most delicate, and even the most fragile. Wealth cannot purchase, nor gifts ensure, its permanence. " The chirping of birds in cages bears as much resemblance to the vocal music of the woods, as bought courtesies to real friendship." The great, alas, rarely enjoy this blessing ! vanity and emulation prevent its growth among equals ; and the humiliating condescension with which superiors sometimes deign to affect friendship for their inferiors, strikes at the very foundation of the sentiment ; from which there can only arise a tottering superstructure, whose pillars, like those of modern composition, bear the gloss, but want the durable quality of the mental marble, sincerity. Yet there have been instances, though rare, of real friendship between persons of different ranks in life, particularly Henry the fourth and Sully ; but the virtues of the latter placed him on a level with monarchs, and the magnanimity of the former made him sensible of their equality.

Yet how often are complaints uttered by disappointed pride, against the

the ingratitude of those whom they have *honoured* with the title of friend, nay, and have even served and obliged as such, without reflecting that obligations to a generous mind are insults, when accompanied with the least slight or mortification.

On the other hand, we, perhaps, too willingly attach ourselves to our superiors. Our self-love is flattered by their approbation, as it naturally imagines it can only be for our good and amiable qualities, that they like or distinguish us. But, though "love, like death, makes all distinction void," friendship has no such levelling power. Superiority of rank or fortune is generally felt by the person who possesses either; and they are entitled to some degree of praise, if they do not make others feel it also.

Let those, then, who have delicate minds, remember, that equality is the true basis of friendship; let them set a just value on their own worth, as well as on the inebriating smiles of greatness, and not expose their sensibility to the pangs it must sustain, on discovering that neither virtues nor talents can always keep the scale of friendship steady, when opposed to the adventitious circumstances of high birth, or great fortune.

Thus far my remarks upon this subject are general. Let me now apply them to more particular use, by earnestly recommending it to every young married woman, to seek the friend of her heart in the husband of her affection. There, and there only, is that true equality, both of rank and fortune, strengthened by mutual interests, and cemented by mutual pledges, to be found. There only concessions will not mortify, as they will be concessions but of kindness, not of pride. There, and there on-

ly, will she be sure to meet with reciprocal confidence, unfeigned attachment, and tender solicitude, to soothe her every care. The ties of wedded love will be rivetted by the bands of friendship; the virtues of her mind, when called forth by occasion, will unfold themselves by degrees to her husband's perception, like the opening rose before the morning ray; and, when its blooming colour fades upon her cheek, its sweetness shall remain within the very foldings of his heart, from recollection of her sense and worth. Happy are the pairs so joined; yea, blessed are they who are thus doubly united!

As the word friendship is at present generally understood to be a term of little import, or at most that extends merely to a preference of liking, or esteem; I would by no means exclude my fair readers from that kind of commerce which is now accepted under that title, in society. But even this sort of connection requires much caution in the choice of its object; for I should wish it might be restrained to one; and that one ought to obtain this preference from the qualities of the heart, rather than those of the head. A long and intimate acquaintance can alone discover the former; the latter are easily and willingly displayed; for love without esteem is as a shower soon spent. The head is the spring of affections, but the heart is the reservoir.

For this reason it always appears to me a proof of mutual merit, when two sisters, or two young women, who have been brought up together, are strongly attached to each other: and I will admit, that, while they remain unmarried, such a connection is capable of forming a pure and disinterested friendship, provided that the sympathy of their affections

affections does not tend to make them like or admire the same male object ; for, though love may, friendship cannot exist with jealousy :

" Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy."

That great master of the human heart, Shakespear, has shewn us, that maidenly attachment is no match for the stronger passion of love :

" Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O ! and is all forgot ?

All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds

Had been incorporate."

Midsummer's Night's Dream.

If such an almost instinctive affection as that between Hermia and Helena was so quickly dissolved by the intruder Love, I fear there are but few female friendships that will better stand the test. And to a delicate mind it may appear a breach, perhaps, of those " sister vows," when one of the parties enters into another and more forcible engagement ; for love is an imperious and engrossing tyrant ; of course the gentler affection must give way and retire within itself, as the sensitive plant shrinks back, oppressed by too intense an heat.

In my small experience, I have never seen the same degree of at-

tachment subsist between two ladies after marriage as before, excepting they were sisters. The bands of natural affection are not loosened by new engagements ; but those of choice or casualty necessarily become relaxed by the addition of a new object, as extension lessens strength.

The minds of most young women seem, and indeed ought to do so in reality, to acquire a new bent after marriage : scenes, different from those to which they had been accustomed, open to their view ; different objects engross their attention ; every state has its cares ; and, from the Queen to the peasant, every wife has duties to fulfil. Frivolous amusements are, or should be, renounced, for the more pleasing and respectable avocations of an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a beloved and honoured matron of a family.

I hope it is impossible that I should be so far misunderstood, as to be thought to exclude married women from any innocent pleasure or rational amusement that is suited to their age, rank, or fortune. I would not only ensure but augment their happiness, and shall therefore say with Othello,

" Where virtue is, these are most virtuous."

But still there is, or should be, a difference in the enjoyment of their pleasures : between the thoughtless gaiety of girls, and the decent cheerfulness of married women. The first is bright and transient, as the youthful glow of health and vivacity that blooms upon the cheek ; the latter should express that tranquil joy which flows from true content.

Here I cannot but observe, that, as the characters and conduct of
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even her common acquaintance reflect honour or disgrace upon a young married woman, she will be an inevitable sharer in that degree of respect or contempt which her *chosen* friend possesses in the esteem of the world: And though its censures may sometimes involve the innocent with the guilty; yet, in general, there is no fairer way of forming our opinions of persons we do not know, than from their intimate associates.

There is something still more alarming to be dreaded for a young woman who is thoughtless enough to form indiscriminate friendships. There is a lightness of mind and manners in many women, who, though free from actual vice, have lost that delicate sensibility which heaven has placed in female minds as the out-guard of modesty. The rosy blush that gives the intuitive alarm to decency, even before the perceptions of the mind are awake to danger, glows not upon their cheek; the snowy purity of innocence beams not upon their dauntless forehead, though it may still retain its whiteness. Their minds may be coarse, however delicate their form; and their manners un-

feminine, even without being masculine.

An intimacy with such persons is, of all others, the most dangerous. The frankness and liveliness of their conversation render them too generally agreeable, and they frequently undermine the principles of virtue; before we find it necessary to stand upon our guard.

As the platonic system has been long exploded, it is almost unnecessary to warn my fair readers against particular intimacies with the other sex, when not closely connected with them by the ties of blood or affinity. The whole system of nature must change, and the tyger and the lamb live peaceably together, before a sincere and disinterested friendship can subsist between an amiable young woman and a man not nearly related to her, who has not passed his grand climacteric. A man of such an age, possessed of sense and virtue, may perhaps be a kind and useful mentor; but, if a married woman is happy enough to meet with a proper and affectionate return from the first object I have recommended to her choice, she cannot stand in need of any other friend.



ESSAY on FORTITUDE.

Illustrated with curious emblematical Devices.

IT is allowed that all men are equally desirous of happiness, but that few are successful in the pursuit. One chief cause of this failure is the want of strength of mind, which might enable them to resist the temptations of present ease and pleasure, and carry them forward in the search of more distant profit and enjoyment. Our affections, on a general prospect of

their objects, form certain rules of conduct, and certain measures of preference of one above another: and these decisions though really the result of our calm passions and natural propensities, are yet said by a current abuse of terms to be the determinations of pure reason and reflection. But when some of these objects approach nearer to us, or acquire the advantages of favourable

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ble lights and positions, which catch the heart or imagination; our general resolutions are frequently confounded, a present enjoyment is preferred, and lasting shame or sorrow entailed upon us. And however poets may employ their wit and eloquence in celebrating present pleasure, and rejecting all distant views to fame, health or fortune; it is obvious that this practice is the source of all dissoluteness and disorder, misery and repentance. A man of strong and determinate temper adheres tenaciously to his general resolutions, and is neither seduced by the allurements of pleasure, nor terrified by the menaces of pain; but still keeps in view those distant pursuits by which he at once insures his happiness and his honour.

The fortitude of a man who restrains his present desires to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity into the lowest state imaginable.—Poor Constantius, who now lies languishing in a most violent fever, discovers, in the faintest moments of his disorder, such a greatness of mind, that a perfect stranger, who should behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but would at the same time perceive that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is in truth no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity to the good sense of other men.

Marcellus is perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that a man can have, and yet is as regular in his

conduct and behaviour as a machine. He is sensible of every passion, but is ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing, to be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship he is kind without profession; in business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good nature. He is ever clear in his judgment, but in complaisance to his company, speaks diffidently; and never shews confidence in argument, but to support the sense of another. Did such an equanimity of mind regulate the behaviour of mankind in general, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! he that is vociferous, dogmatical, and vehement, would understand, that it is then time to call a constable; and know that spoiling good company is a most unwarrantable way of breaking the peace.

Thus much relates to the common intercourse of society; but as above hinted, the man of true fortitude measures his actions by principles of his own. The sense of other men ought to weigh with us in things of less consideration; but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we search to the bottom of things, we often find principles, that appear paradoxical at first, to be evident truths; and maxims, which, before they are duly weighed, seem to proceed from a romantic kind of philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection appear so reasonable, that nothing less than direct madness could induce us to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer

quer the impulses of ambition, when they do not coincide with those sentiments our cool judgment approves; is so truly our interest, and so absolutely essential to our real happiness, that to condemn all the advantages the world offers to us, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is the exercise of the virtue called fortitude.

Did we consider the mind of man as the man himself, it would appear to be the most unnatural species of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiments of the soul, to gratify the appetites of the body. Is it not astonishing, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged by hunger and cold, suing for an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve at once, than remain in; but yet how much more despicable is his condition, who being above necessity, can yet resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities? These are both abject and common beggars; yet it is surely less meanness to beg a supply for hunger than for vanity! But general prepossessions and custom so far prevail over the bulk of mankind, that those necessitous creatures who cannot relish life without applause, attendance and equipage, are so far from being despised, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than splendid vice. But if in cases that regard true honour, a man's appeal

were made to his own soul; there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct: and to be honourable would be the aim of our endeavours, rather than to appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Essay on Fortitude, has treated this subject with great accuracy. "What," says he, "can be more honourable, than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? To be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself, so far as not to do any thing scandalous or sinful to avoid them. To stand adversity under all shapes, with decency and resolution. To do this is to be great above title and fortune: This argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity!"

What a generous ambition has this writer pointed out to us! When men have settled in themselves a conviction by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with innocence, nothing mean, but what is tainted with guilt; when they have attained this mode of thinking, though poverty, pain, and death, may still have their terrors, yet riches, pleasures, and honour easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity. Steady and happy in ourselves, nothing external will ruffle our tempers, and fortune will point her arrows against us in vain.

The STROKE of DEATH.

[From a British Magazine.]

I AM now worth a blumb, said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just pur-

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chased—I am now worth a blumb, which I have earned by strict attention to business; and I will purchase

chase a seat in the commons for my son, and procure a peer to marry my daughter—I am now worth a blumb, and am but sixty five years of age, healthy and robust in my constitution, so I'll eat and I'll drink and live merrily all the days of my life—I am now worth a blumb, said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill, which commanded a full prospect of his estate; and here, said he, I'll build a mansion, and there I'll plant an orchard, and on that spot I'll have a pinery—Yon farm houses shall come down, said old Gregory, they interrupt my view. Then what will be-

come of the farmers? asked the steward who attended him. That's their business, answered old Gregory. And that mill must not stand on the stream, said old Gregory. Then how will the villagers grind their corn? asked the steward. That's not my business, answered old Gregory—so old Gregory returned home—eat a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco, and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never awoke.—The farmers reside on their lands, the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers all rejoice at the *stroke of death*.

A G R I C U L T U R E.

[From Dr. WILLIAMS's History of Vermont.]

THE body of the people in Vermont are engaged in agriculture. In a new country where the settlements are yet to be made, agriculture puts on a very different appearance from that, which it bears in the ancient and well cultivated settlements. There, the business is to cultivate and improve the farms, which have been already greatly improved: To increase the produce, by the application of more labour and cultivation, and thus to derive a greater profit from the land. In a new settlement, the first business of the husbandman is to cut down the woods, to clear up the lands, to sow them with grain, to erect the necessary buildings, and open the roads; and thus to connect and form a communication between the scattered settlements, and make the most of his labour.—Amidst the hard living and hard labour, that attends the forming a new settlement, the settler has the most flattering prospects and encouragements. One hundred acres of

land in a new town, does not generally cost him more than he can spare from the wages of one or two years. Besides maintaining himself, the profits of his labour will generally enable a young man, in that period of time, to procure himself such a tract of land.—When he comes to apply his labour to his own land, the produce of it becomes extremely profitable. The first crop of wheat will fully pay him for all the expense he has been at, in clearing up, sowing, and fencing his land; and at the same time, increases the value of the land, eight or ten times the original cost. In this way, every day's labour spent in clearing up his land, receives high wages in the grain which it procures, and adds at the same time a quantity of improved land to the farm. An acre of land, which in its natural state, cost him perhaps the half of one day's labour, is thus in one year made of that value, that it will afterwards annually produce him from fifteen to twenty bushels of

of wheat; or other kinds of produce, of equal value. In this way, the profits attending labour on a new settlement, are the greatest that ever can take place in agriculture; the labourer constantly receiving double wages. He receives high wages in the produce of his corn or wheat; and he receives much higher wages of another kind, in the annual addition of a new tract of cultivated land to his farm. This double kind of wages, nature with great benevolence and design, has assigned to the man of industry, when he is first making a settlement in the uncultivated parts of America: and in two or three years, he acquires a very comfortable and independent subsistence for a family, derived from no other source but the earth, and his own industry.

In every country, agriculture ought to be esteemed, as the most necessary and useful profession. The food and the raiment by which all orders of men are supported, must be derived from the earth. Agriculture is the art by which this is effected; and of consequence the art which supports, supplies, and maintains all the rest. It ought therefore to be esteemed the primary, the fundamental, and the most essential art of all; that which deserves the first and the greatest consideration, and encouragement.—The wealth drawn from agriculture, is permanent and durable; not subject to the uncertainties attending that, which is derived from commerce; and not dependent upon the inclinations, the dispositions, or the regulations of other kingdoms and countries. The people that thus live by their own agriculture, are independent of other nations, and need not be affected by their wars, revolutions, or convulsions; but may always have the means of sup-

port and independence, among themselves. While they have that which is drawn from the cultivation of the land, they will have every thing that nature and society can need or have made valuable.

The other professions, those especially of the liberal arts, are of great utility, and of high importance, and they are what society could not flourish without. But they derive their importance and utility from the imperfections of man, and of society; and do not of themselves, add any thing to the wealth of nations. The physician, the lawyer, the divine, the statesman, and the philosopher, are engaged in employments of great utility to mankind. But there is not one of them, that adds any thing to the wealth and property of the community: They must all derive their support, from the cultivation of the land. Of all arts and professions then, agriculture ought to be esteemed the most useful, and the most important. It is the art which produceth, and nourishes all the rest. The other arts teach how to preserve the health, the property, and the morals of men; to enlarge their understandings, and to give a right direction to their minds: But this provides food, raiment, and support for them all.

In no way has the glory of nations been more expanded, than by their attainments, and discoveries in science. The mathematicians have measured, and settled the dimensions of the solar system: But the new settler, has in fact, enlarged the bounds of the habitable creation. The philosophers have expanded our minds with the ideas, and evidence, that the other planets are inhabited; but the simple and honest farmer has made the earth the place for more inhabitants than
it

it ever had before. And while the astronomers are so justly celebrating the discoveries, and the new planet of Herschel, all mankind should rejoice, that the simple peasant in the wilderness, has found out a way, to make our planet bear more men.

Those employments which are the most necessary, and the most useful to men, seem to be the most nearly connected with morality and virtue. Agriculture appears to be more nearly allied to this, than any of the arts. The man that is constantly pursuing the business, which nature has assigned to him, seems to have but little to corrupt him.

In the many histories of corruption, there is not any account, that the body of the husbandmen ever became a corrupt, venal, and debauched generation. They must first be led to desert their employments, or they must be blinded and deceived, before they can be made fit tools for politicians to corrupt, and manage. Their profession tends to render them an industrious, hardy, incorrupt, and honest set of men. It is never in the body of the husbandmen, but among the speculators, politicians, and leaders of mobs, that we look for a settled trade, and high attainments, in venality and corruption.

A V A R I C E P U N I S H E D.

AN usurer having lost a hundred pounds in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The usurer, loath to give the reward, after he had recovered his bag, alleged, after he had opened it, that there were an hundred and ten pounds in it when he lost it. Gripus being called before the judge, unwarily acknowledged that the seal was broke open

in his presence, and that there were no more at that time, but a hundred pounds in the bag. "You say," cried the judge, "that the bag you lost, had a hundred and ten pounds in it?" "Yes, my lord." "Then this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears; and you must go and look for your bag where you can find it."

[Hist. Mag.]

The W I T T Y P A I N T E R.

SIR William Lely, a famous painter in the reign of king Charles the first, agreed beforehand for the price of a picture he was to draw for a rich London alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. The picture being finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, alleging, that if he did not purchase it, it would lie on the painter's hand. "That's your mis-

take," says sir William; "for I can sell it at double the price I demand." "How can that be," says the alderman, "for 'tis like nobody but myself?" "True," replied sir William; "but I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey!" Mr. Alderman, to prevent being exposed, paid down the money the painter demanded, and carried off the picture.

[Hist. Mag.]

CABINET



CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The CLOSE of the WEEK at COLLEGE.

THE tedious studies of the week
To rest at length give place ;
Amusement now, instead of Greek,
Fills up the little space.

In friendly groups the students sit
Around the social fire ;
While pleasant tales and harmless wit
Their hearts with mirth inspire.

Some wander to yon towering hill,
Or range the distant wood,
Or stray along some purling rill
Near Charles's gentle flood.

Eas'd of their toils, they now prolong
The pleasant healthful walk ;
The hours unheeded steal along,
Beguil'd by cheerful talk.

Others, with smart vivacious look,
Brush'd coat and powder'd hair,
To see the world, or—buy a book,
To Boston straight repair.

Some to a neighboring village ride
To see a friend and dine ;
While some the fleeting hours divide
With songs, and chat, and wine.

Some while away the lazy time
As cards or books invite ;
While some, like me, too fond of rhyme,
Rack their dull brains to write.

C A M.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS

On viewing the Seat of JOS. BARRELL, Esq.

WHERE once the breastwork mark'd
The scenes of blood,
When freedom's sons inclos'd the haughty
foe,
Rearing its head majestic from afar
The venerable seat of *Barrell* stands.

Like some strong English castle much it
seems,
When the great Barons of the fendal
times

Had num'rous vassals waiting their com-
mand,
And each rais'd armies in his own do-
main.

Those times for free urbanity were known,
And gen'rous hospitality renown'd.
The doors were ever open to the poor—
The wand'ring pilgrim was a welcome
guest,
And found refreshment in the plenteous
hall.

But—
Such is the wisdom of these later days,
Free hospitality's turn'd out of doors,
Among the meaner virtues ; out of date
With all the rich and mighty of the earth.
Banish'd from courts and palaces long
since,

It sought for refuge with the middle ranks,
And humbler walks of life. With these
alone

The faint and weary traveller finds re-
pose,
And hearty welcome to the lowly cell.

The rich support the rich, but grind the
poor,

And spurn the needy stranger from their
gate.

True Christian charity dwells not with
them,

Who, blest with plenty by a bounteous
God,

Are stewards of his household, if aright
They use the goods which Providence
hath giv'n.

But thou, whose stately castle overlooks
The briny wave to Boston's crowded
shores,

And where yon bridge superb extends its
length,

(That proudly seems, when tides o'erflow
the Charles,

Across the ocean thrown)

Be thou excepted from the common herd
Of

Of selfish, full blown opulence and pride.
 Love thou the virtues that once deign'd
 to dwell
 In ancient years, beneath a roof like thine.
 And in despite of modern won'dring eyes,
 Bring back old fashion'd customs to our
 view,
 The lib'ral train of virtues that adorn'd
 The former ages of the English realm.

BLANDULUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The SONGS

*of the five Bards, who sung by night : versified
 from the notes of M^r Pberfon's Ossian, by*

LINUS.

NOW all the people to the hall repair :
 The softly-sounding shells of feast
 are there.

Ten harps are strung ; five bards by turns
 declaim ;

And seek the glory of no vulgar name.

Their burning souls they pour fourth in
 the song,

While answering harps the melody pro-
 long.

Of night they sing : and cheer the festive
 hall :

Their lays re-echo from the hollow wall.

While all the people silent sat around

The first of bards thus raised the silver
 sound.

FIRST BARD. *

The hours of lonely night are dark and
 still :

The black clouds roll along the distant
 hill.

No star with trembling beam appears on
 high ;

No moon looks smiling from the azure sky.
 I hear the blast that hoarsely-sweeping
 moves :

But distant far I hear it in the groves.

I hear the murmurs of the valley stream ;

But lonely, sad, remote the murmurs seem.

From yonder yew where sleeps our fa-
 ther's clay,

The owl is heard long howling from the
 spray.

I see a dim form on the plain arise :

It is a ghost ! Alas ! it fades—it dies,

Some solemn fun'ral soon shall pass yon
 road ;

Some pallid meteor points the dark a-
 bode.

From yonder hut that tops the gray-
 browed height,

The surly house-dog bays the ghosts of
 night.

The stag is on the mountain moss reclined ;
 And at his side securely rests the hind.

Shrill in her branchy horns the rough
 winds sound,

She hears the noise and startles from the
 ground.

The roe lies silent on the rocky hill ;
 Beneath his wing the heath-cock hides
 his bill.

No wild beast roves, no bird now flits the
 air ;

None but the owl and fox abroad appear.
 She with her howl the gloomy forest fills ;

He in a cloud bounds o'er the dusky hills.

Dark, panting, trembling, lost the travel-
 ler strays

O'er rugged heaths and unfrequented
 ways.

Thro' shrubs, thro' thorns, along the gur-
 gling rill ;

Now in the vale, now on the cloudy hill.

He fears the fen and rock's stupendous
 height ;

He fears the ghost that wanders in the
 night.

The old tree groans beneath the angry
 gale ;

The falling branches sound along the vale.
 The furious winds that through the mead-
 ows pass,

Drive the clung withered burs along the
 grass.

Hark, hark, he sees a ghost—his tread how
 light !

He looks, and trembling fears amidst the
 night.

Now cold winds blow, and angry tem-
 pests lower,

My friends receive me from this dismal
 hour.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up, the shower descends in
 streams,

The distant spirit of the mountain screams.

The tall firs fall, the tufted hut is torn,

The mists divided o'er the hills are borne.

The tempest howls, loud roar the falling
 woods,

And distant far resound the growing
 floods.

To pass the ford the weary trav'ler tries ;
 Hark, hear that shriek ! he falls, he sinks,
 he dies.

Swift pours the rain, the winds with fu-
 ry blow,

And from the hill descends the horse and
 cow :

They tremble as the dark'ning tempest
 roars,

And dread the billows on the rocky shores.

In his lone hut as loud the hoarse winds sweep,
The drowsy hunter startles from his sleep;
He wakes the fire: his wet dogs smoke around;
He fills with heath the chink; he hears the found
Of mountain streams that loud and fullen roar,
And meet and foam before his cottage door.
Sad on the hill the wand'ring shepherd roves;
The trees rebound; the streams roar thro' the groves;
He chides the lingering moon and bids it come
And lend her aid to guide him to his home.
Ghosts ride the clouds and wave their skirts behind:
Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind.
Of other worlds they sing: they mount on high
And guide the storm along the gloomy sky.
The rain is past—streams roar—the dry winds blow—
The windows flap: the stars more brilliant glow.
But, see the darkning clouds again arise;
Gloomy and dread appear the western skies.
What dreadful tempests in the concave lower!
My friends, receive me from the midnight hour.

THIRD BARD.

The squally wind sounds o'er the woody hill;
And thro' the grassy rock it whistles still.
The burning stars look thro' the broken cloud;
The melancholy ghosts scream wildly loud.
The meteor bright portending dreadful doom,
Flies sparkling thro' the solitary gloom;
Far in the bosom of the grove it dies,
No more to dance along the nightly skies.
The withered fern, the dark brow'd rock I see;
But who is shrouded underneath yon tree?
Now on the lake dark-tumbling billows roar,
And foam and lash upon the rocky shore.
The boat brimfull is floating to the land,
The broken oars are scattered on the strand.

A maid sits sad beneath yon aged tree,
And kens the stream as far as eye can see.
Her lover promised that he'd meet her there;
She sits—she waits—but, sees no lover near.
Far on the lake she saw his light boat bound,
Ere night unfriendly spread her gloom around.
Is this *his* boat? Ah, yes: what groans I hear!
Are these *his* groans? Are these *his* oars? They are.
Hear how the hail malignant rattles round;
The snow descends and whitens o'er the ground.
But now the storm is hushed; no hoarse winds blow,
The clouds are fled, the hill-tops shine with snow.
Such changing glooms the moonless night o'ercast;
My friends, receive me from the chilling blast.

FOURTH BARD.

The night is starry, calm and fair and lone;
The howling winds with all their clouds are gone.
Just o'er the hills appear their sinking heads;
While the broad moon a silver twilight sheds.
The tall trees shine; the floods o'er rough rocks gleam;
Bright rolls the lake and bright the valley stream.
I see the corn o'erturn'd along the plain;
The wakeful hind rebuilds the flocks again.
He marks what ruin had despoil'd the groves;
And shrilly whistles as the field he roves.
Sett'd and fair is night: its storms are fled;
Who comes resplendent from the mighty dead?
She comes with robes of snow and blushes fair;
With starry eyes, white arms and dark-brown hair!
Lo! 'tis the daughter of our mighty chief!
She comes! she comes! magnificent in grief!
Ah! let us view thee, daughter of the night!
Thou who hast been the Hero's chief delight.

Before

Before the blast the empty phantom flies ;
White without form, it mounts towards
the skies.

Now softly breathes the soul-delighting
gale,
And drives the mists along the narrow
vale :
It mounts the hill, and lifts its head on
high,
And shuts the bright moon from the
wakeful eye.
The night is settled, blue, serene and
bright,
My friends, receive me not from lovely
night.

(The remainder next month.)

To the Editors of the Massachusetts Maga-
zine.

GENTLEMEN,

*I do not remember to have seen Father Abbey's
Will published in any late periodical work.—
It was composed by Mr. Seccombe, formerly
minister of Harvard, in this commonwealth,
and who lately died, at an advanced period of
life, in Nova-Scotia. I think it worth pre-
serving in your magazine.*

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

To which is added, a letter of courtship to
his amiable and virtuous widow.

CAMBRIDGE, December, 1730.

*"Some time since died here, Mr. MATTHEW
ABBEY, in a very advanced age: He had
for a great number of years served the college
in quality of bed-maker and sweeper :
Having no child, his wife inherits his whole
estate, which he bequeathed to her by his last
will and testament, as follows, viz."*

TO my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her,
My whole estate,
with all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of sope,
A long cart-rope,
A frying-pan and kettle,
An ashes pail,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden-pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay
On which I lay,
An old sauce-pan for butter.

A little mug,
A two-quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,

A looking-glass,
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true,
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather fash,
My calabash,
My powder-horn and bullet.

An old sword-blade,
A garded spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram-cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woolen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small-tooth comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book,
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden-stuff,
A quantity of burage,
Some devil's weed
And burdock feed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing dish,
With one salt-fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a fitch of bacon.

A spinning-wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of tallow,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,

My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus father ABBEY left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation,
To serve the college in his station.

"Newhaven, Jan. 1731. Our sweeper
having lately buried his spouse, and hearing
of the death and will of his deceased
Cambridge brother, has conceived a violent
passion for the relief. As love softens
the mind and disposes to poetry, he has eased
himself in the following strains, which he
transmits to the charming widow, as the
first essay of his love and courtship."

MISTRESS ABBEY,
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die,
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your dear spouse
Had reach'd us at Newhaven,
My dear wife dy'd,
Who was my bride,
In anno eighty-seven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands, for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dower
I make this flowing verse on;
In these smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left by Mat,
Fortune to me has granted:
In equal store,
I've one thing more,
Which Matthew long had wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true,
You have to shew;
The young think teeth inviting,
But silly youths!
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

Ps. 71.

H

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woful times is fitting,
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

Thus to go on,
I would pen down
Your charms from head to foot,
Set all your glory
In verse before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay,
For soon as you come hither,
We'll eat and sleep,
Make beds and sweep,
And smoke and talk together.

But if, my dear,
I must move there,
Tow'rds Cambridge strait I'll set me,
To towze the hay
On which you lay;
If age and you will let me.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

From a work lately published in Scotland.

To a MOUSE,

On turning her up in her nest with the plough,
November, 1785.

WEE fleek it, cowrin, tim'rous baef-
tie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty!
Wi bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chace thee
Wi mud'ring pattle.

I'm trully sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie thou maun live!
A daimenicker in a thrave
'S a small request
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to beg a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary winter comin fast,

An'

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coultter past
 Out thro' thy cell.
 That wee-bit peap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost the monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy tronble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winters fleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!
 But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving *foresight* may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promis'd joy!
 Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The *present* only toucheth thee:
 But Och'e I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' *forward* tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

Extracted from a British publication.

SUNSET.

SOFT o'er the mountains purple brow
 Meek twilight draws her shadows grey;
 From tufted woods, and valleys low,
 Light's magic colours steal away.
 Yet still amid the spreading gloom,
 Resplendent glow the western waves
 That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves;
 A zone of light on ev'nings dome.
 On this lone summit let me rest,
 And view the forms to fancy dear,
 'Till on the ocean's darken'd breast
 The stars of ev'ning tremble clear;
 Or the moon's pale orb appear,
 Throwing her line of radiance wide,
 Far o'er the lightly curling tide,
 That seems the yellow sands to chide. }
 No sounds o'er silence now prevail,
 Save of the dying wave below,
 O' sailor's song borne on the gale,
 Or oar at distance striking slow.
 So sweet! so tranquil! may my ev'ning
 ray
 Set to this world—and rise in future day!

LINES,

To the Memory of Dr. LEVETT. By Doctor Johnson.

CONDEMN'D to hope's "delusive mine,"
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts or slow decline
 Our social comforts drop away.
 Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descends,

Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.
 Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and countly kind;
 Nor lettered arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.
 When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art, without the show.
 In misery's darkest caverns known,
 His ready help was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retired to die.
 No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain, disclaim'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toll of every day supply.
 His virtues walk their narrow round,
 Nor made a parse, nor left a void,
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 His single talent well employ'd.
 The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted glided by;
 His frame was firm, his powers were
 bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was
 nigh.

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

Extracted from a British publication.

NIGHT.

O'ER the dim breast of ocean's wave
 Night spreads afar her gloomy wings,
 And pensive thought and silence brings,
 Save where the distant waters lave;
 Or where the mariner's lone voice
 Swells faintly on the passing gale,
 Or when the screaming sea-gulls poise
 O'er the tall mast, and swelling sail.
 Bounding the gray gleam of the deep,
 Where fancy'd forms arouse the mind.
 Dark sweep the shores, on whose rude
 steep
 Sighs the sad spirit of the wind.
 Sweet is its voice upon the air
 At ev'nings melancholy close,
 While the smooth wave in silence flows!
 Sweet, sweet the peace it's stealing ac-
 cents bear!
 Blest be thy shades, O Night! and blest the
 song
 Thy low winds breathe the distant shores
 along!

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

P R U S S I A.

BERLIN, Aug. 9.

HOWEVER certain it seems that the Poles will not be able to make a long resistance against the combined forces of Prussia, the unexpected delay in military operations, occasioned by the backwardness of the Prussians, is accompanied by many inconveniences, at least disagreeable, if not fatal to the Prussian army. Private letters complain not only of the extreme dearth of all necessaries, but also of a real scarcity of provisions in the Prussian camp, which is suffering for want of good water. A great number of the Prussian troops have died with the dysentery; and the prince of Prussia himself was attacked by this sickness, but is now recovered.

THORN, Aug. 16. The entrenched camp of Kosciuszko, before Warsaw, consists properly of four camps, whose beginning and end touch upon the Vistula, and from whence they fire very briskly, one of their six pounders having the kitchen tent of the King of Prussia.—Kosciuszko himself is in Mokawto, and has Madusky with him, and the generals Dambrowsky, Mokronowsky and Zagazeeck, command under him in the camps. Above the riv-

er Bux, the Poles took from the Russians a whole bridge of pontoons, and upwards of 100 oxen. The Russian colonel Tolstoy, who passed thro' here for the Prussian camp, informs, that the Russian Prince Repni is marching 40,000 men into Poland. A report that the Russians had taken Wilna by storm, and with the loss of a great many men on both sides, wants confirmation. Another report, that the Turks had made an attack upon Cammieck, is totally groundless.

HOLLAND.

HAGUE, Aug. 12. The states of Holland, who must contribute more than two thirds towards the whole expenses of the war, and the exigencies of the republic in general, have declared anew, on the 5th inst. that they will sacrifice life and property in the defence of the Republic, and therefore have adopted two new means of finances, having opened, (beside the loans of last year and this year, which remain open) a new voluntary and unlimited loan at 5 per cent. interest, where bullion, and manufactured silver and gold will be accepted.—The states moreover, declare their full expectation, that every inhabitant will richly contribute towards it.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

An account of the political state of several of the powers of the EASTERN WORLD.

OF CHINA.—The American public cannot be indifferent to the commercial events in so vast and rich an empire as that of China, which contains 50,000,000 inhabitants, and abounds with every article of commercial traffic. We are therefore happy in informing, that the splendid embassy of Lord Macartney, from the British court to the Emperor of China, has completely failed of success, and that his Lordship has returned to England. The object of this embassy was to effect, as far as possible, a monopoly of the trade of China with the Christian world, to the British flag. To give weight to the embassy, Lord Macartney carried with him

the most valuable presents, which the wealth, ingenuity and workmanship of England would produce. To these were added immense gifts from the Indian powers subordinate to the East India company. These valuables, as was to be expected, were cordially received by the Chinese Emperor; who in return gave the Ambassador several sets of china, and presents of tapestry and silks, but set his face against any acquiescence in the commercial propositions made by his Lordship. Thus ended the mission, to the satisfaction, no doubt, of the mercantile world.—Americans particularly must feel happy in the picture of a speculation, which might materially have affected a considerable portion of their commerce.—

in Canton, the American flag is admitted on the same conditions as the most favored nation. And here we cannot help mentioning, that to their so favorable admission, the United States are much indebted to the exertions of our late fellow townsman, *Samuel Shaw, Esq.* when Consul in China.

Of Turkey.—To the Ottoman empire, the politics of which are so often affected by the contests of Europe, and the ambition of the sovereigns, some attention must be given. A rupture between it and Russia has been for some time expected; as not long since the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople delivered an official note to the Turkish Res Effendi, in which the emperor demands, "That the Porte should not interfere with the affairs of Poland: that it should grant a free passage to Russian frigates thro' the canal of Constantinople, and that it should treat with less rigor, the Greek princes and subjects of Moldavia and Wallachia." The Grand Signior answered these demands with firmness, refused compliance therewith, and declared he would not suffer any foreign power to interfere either in the external or internal affairs of the empire. Finding the Turkish government thus determined, the Russian relaxed in his demands; and from the tone of the communications which have since passed, there is a probability of the continuation of peace for some time. But neither the policy nor the interest of the Ottoman court can be reconciled to the annihilation of the independence of Poland. A considerable naval equipment has been made in Turkey.—The Turkish government having admitted an ambassador from the French republic, a correspondence has taken place between the Res Effendi and the British minister on the subject. But in the answers of the Turk, a determination appears to support the independence and neutrality of the Porte. The French have been allowed to celebrate a national festival.

Of Poland.

This Republic interests every friend to liberty and national justice. The American reader has already learnt by what "indirect and crooked ways" the voracious Empress of Russia, and the perfidious Frederick William, of Prussia, have conspired to cut it up, and bring it under despotic sway. Tired of reiterated usurpations, and roused by repeated insults, the gallant Poles, with a patriot king, and a virtuous nobility at their head, have risen

in arms to oppose their oppressors. They have called to their chief command, the intrepid Kosciuszko, the pupil of *Washington*, and the brave defender of the liberties of America. They have formed a revolutionary government, and altho' at the moment of their rising, some excesses were committed at Warsaw, they appear nevertheless to have adopted those principles of government which are most likely to effect their leading object, the independence and liberty of Poland.—Success and disaster have alternately waited their military operations. On one side they have to contend with the numerous troops of Russia, while on the other they are assailed by the veterans of Prussia; the latter headed by their king, have advanced to the vicinity of Warsaw; (some accounts say, they have actually bombarded the city) before which the brave Kosciuszko lies with his army; and the king of Prussia has summoned the unfortunate Stanislaus to surrender.

CONGRESS.

House of Representatives, Nov. 19.

This day, at 12 o'clock, The President of the United States met both houses of the legislature, in the hall of the house of representatives, and delivered the following ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens of the senate, and of the house of representatives,

WHEN we call to mind the gracious indulgence of heaven, by which the American people became a nation; when we survey the general prosperity of our country, and look forward to the riches, power, and happiness, to which it seems destined; with the deepest regret do I announce to you, that, during your recess, some of the citizens of the United States, have been found capable of an insurrection. It is due, however, to the character of our government, and to its stability, which cannot be shaken by the enemies of order, freely to unfold the course of this event.

During the session of the year 1790, it was expedient to exercise the legislative power granted by the constitution of the United States, "to lay and collect excises." In a majority of the states, scarcely an objection was heard to this mode of taxation. In some, indeed, alarms were at first conceived, until they were banished by reason and patriotism. In the four western counties of Pennsylvania, a prejudice, fostered and embittered by the artifice of men, who labored

labored for an ascendancy over the will of others, by the guidance of their passions, produced symptoms of riot and violence. It is well known, that congress did not hesitate to examine the complaints which were presented, and to relieve them, as far as justice dictated, or general convenience would permit. But the impression which this moderation made on the discontented, did not correspond with what it deserved; the arts of delusion were no longer continued to the efforts of designing individuals.

The very forbearance to press prosecutions, was misinterpreted into a fear of urging the execution of the laws; and associations of men began to denounce threats against the officers employed.—From a belief that, by a more formal concert, their operation might be defeated, certain self-created societies assumed the tone of condemnation. Hence, while the greater part of Pennsylvania itself were conforming themselves to the acts of excise, a few counties were resolved to frustrate them. It was now perceived, that every expectation, from the tenderness which had hitherto been pursued, was unavailing, and that further delay could only create an opinion of impotency, or irresolution in the government. Legal process, was, therefore, delivered to the marshal, against the rioters and delinquent distillers.

No sooner was he understood to be engaged in this duty, than the vengeance of armed men was aimed at his person, and the personal property of the inspector of the revenue. They fired upon the marshal, arrested him, and detained him for some time as a prisoner. He was obliged, by the jeopardy of his life, to renounce the service of other process, on the west side of the Alleghany mountain; and a deputation was afterwards sent to him to demand a surrender of that which he *had* served. A numerous body repeatedly attacked the house of the inspector, seized his papers of office, and finally destroyed, by fire, his buildings, and whatsoever they contained. Both of these officers, from a just regard to their safety, fled to the seat of government; it being avowed, that the motives of such outrages were, to compel the resignation of the inspector; to withstand, by the force of arms, the authority of the United States, and thereby to extort a repeal of the laws of excise, and an alteration in the conduct of government.

Upon the testimony of these facts, an

associate justice of the United States notified to me, that, "in the counties of Washington and Alleghany, in Pennsylvania, laws of the United States were opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, by combinations, too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshal of that district."—On this call, momentous in the extreme, I sought and weighed what might best subdue the crisis. On the one hand, the judiciary was pronounced to be stripped of its capacity to enforce the laws: crimes, which reached the very existence of social order, were perpetrated without control, the friends of government were insulted, abused, and over-awed into silence, or an apparent acquiescence; and to yield to the treasonable fury of so small a portion of the United States, would be to violate the fundamental principle of our constitution, which enjoins, that the will of the majority shall prevail. On the other, to array citizen against citizen—to publish the dishonor of such excesses—to encounter the expense, and other embarrassments of so distant an expedition, were steps too delicate—too closely interwoven with many affecting considerations, to be lightly adopted. I postponed, therefore, the summoning the militia immediately into the field: but I required them to be held in readiness, that if my anxious endeavors to reclaim the deluded, and to convince the malignant of their danger, should be fruitless, military force might be prepared to act, before the season should be too far advanced.

My proclamation of the 7th of August last, was accordingly issued, and accompanied by the appointment of commissioners, who were charged to repair to the scene of insurrection. They were authorized to confer with any bodies of men or individuals. They were instructed to be candid and explicit, in stating the sensations which had been excited in the executive, and his earnest wish to avoid a resort to coercion; to represent, however, that without submission, coercion *must* be the resort; but to invite them, at the same time, to return to the demeanor of faithful citizens, by such accommodations as lay within the sphere of the executive power—pardon, too, was tendered to them by the government of the United States, and that of Pennsylvania; upon no other condition, than a satisfactory assurance of obedience to the laws.

Although

Although the report of the commissioners marks their firmness and abilities, and must unite all virtuous men, by shewing that the means of conciliation have been exhausted; all of those who had committed, or abetted the tumults, did not subscribe the mild form, which was proposed, as the atonement; and the indications of a peaceable temper were neither sufficiently general, nor conclusive to recommend or warrant a further suspension of the march of the militia.

Thus, the painful alternative could not be discarded. I ordered the militia to march, after once more admonishing the insurgents, in my proclamation of the 25th of September last.

It was a task, too difficult to ascertain with precision, the lowest degree of force competent to the quelling of the insurrection. From a respect, indeed, to economy, and the ease of my fellow-citizens, belonging to the militia, it would have gratified me to accomplish such an estimate. My very great reluctance to ascribe too much importance to the opposition, had its extent been accurately seen, would have been a decided inducement to the smallest efficient numbers. In this uncertainty, therefore, I put into motion fifteen thousand men, as being an army, which, according to all human calculation, would be prompt, and adequate in every view, and might perhaps by rendering resistance desperate, prevent the effusion of blood. Quotas had been assigned to the states of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia; the governor of Pennsylvania having declared, on this occasion, an opinion which justified a requisition to the other states.

As commander in chief of the militia, when called into the actual service of the United States, I have visited the places of general rendezvous, to obtain more exact information, and to direct a plan for ulterior movements. Had there been room for a persuasion that the laws were secure from obstruction—that the civil magistrate was able to bring to justice such of the most culpable as have not embraced the proffered terms of amnesty, and may be deemed fit objects of example; that the friends of peace and good government were not in need of that aid and countenance which they ought always to receive, and I trust, ever will receive against the vicious and turbulent, I should have caught with avidity the opportunity of restoring the militia to their families and

home. But succeeding intelligence has tended to manifest the necessity of what has been done; it being now confessed, by those who were not inclined to exaggerate the ill conduct of the insurgents, that their malevolence was not pointed merely to a particular law; but that a spirit, inimical to all order, has actuated many of the offenders. If the state of things had afforded reason for the continuance of my presence with the army, it would not have been withholden: but every appearance assuring such an issue as will redound to the reputation and strength of the United States—I have judged it most proper to resume my duties at the seat of government, leaving the chief command with the governor of Virginia.

Still, however, as it is probable, that in a commotion like the present, whatsoever may be the pretence, the purposes of mischief and revenge may not be laid aside; the stationing of a small force, for a certain period, in the four western counties of Pennsylvania, will be indispensable, whether we contemplate the situation of those who are connected with the execution of the laws, or of others, who may have exposed themselves by an honorable attachment to them.

Thirty days from the commencement of this session, being the legal limitation of the employment of the militia, congress cannot be too early occupied with this subject.

Among the discussions, which may arise from this aspect of our affairs, and from the documents which will be submitted to congress, it will not escape their observation, that not only the inspector of the revenue, but other officers of the United States in Pennsylvania, have—from their fidelity in the discharge of their functions, sustained material injuries to their property. The obligation and policy of indemnifying them, are strong and obvious. It may also merit attention, whether policy will not enlarge this provision to the retribution of our citizens, who, though not under the ties of office, may have suffered damage by their generous exertions for upholding the constitution and the laws. The amount, even if all the injured were included, would not be great; and on future emergencies, the government would be amply repaid by the influence of an example, that he, who incurs a loss in its defence, shall find a recompense in its liberality.

While there is cause to lament that oc-
currences

currences of this nature should have disgraced the name, or interrupted the tranquillity, of any part of our community, or should have diverted to a new application, any portion of the public resources, there are not wanting real and substantial consolations for the misfortune. It has demonstrated that our prosperity rests on solid foundations; by furnishing an additional proof, that my fellow-citizens understand the true principles of government and liberty; that they feel their inseparable union, that, notwithstanding all the devices that have been made use of to sway them from their interest and duty, they are now as ready to maintain the authority of the laws against licentious invasions, as they were to defend their rights against usurpation. It has been a spectacle, displaying to the highest advantage the value of republican government, to behold the most and least wealthy of our citizens standing in the same ranks as private soldiers; pre-eminently distinguishing, by being the army of the constitution; undeterred by a march of three hundred miles over rugged mountains, by the approach of an inclement season, or by any other discouragement. Nor ought I to omit to acknowledge the efficacious and patriotic co-operation which I have experienced from the chief magistrates of the states to which my requisitions have been addressed.

To every description, indeed, of citizens, let praise be given; but let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it too, for the sake of those, who, from every clime, are daily seeking a dwelling in our land. And when, in the calm moments of reflection, they shall have retraced the origin and progress of the insurrection, let them determine, whether it has not been fomented by combinations of men, who, careless of consequences, and disregarding the unerring truth, that those, who rouse, cannot always appease a civil convulsion, have disseminated, from an ignorance or perversion of facts, suspicions, jealousies, and accusations of the whole government.

Having thus fulfilled the engagement which I took, when I entered into office, "to the best of my ability to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States," on you, gentlemen, and the people by whom you are deputed, I rely for support.

In the arrangements to which the possibility of a similar contingency will naturally draw your attention, it ought not to be forgotten, that the militia laws have exhibited such striking defects, as could not have been supplied but by the zeal of our citizens. Besides the extraordinary expense, and waste, which are not the least of the defects; every appeal to those laws is attended with a doubt on its success.

The devising and establishing of a well regulated militia, would be a genuine source of legislative honor, and a perfect title to public gratitude. I therefore, entertain a hope, that the present session will not pass, without carrying to its full energy, the power of organizing, arming and disciplining the militia; and thus providing, in the language of the constitution, for calling them forth to execute the laws of the union, suppress insurrection, and repel invasion.

As auxiliary to the state of our defence, to which congress cannot too frequently recur, they will not omit to inquire whether the fortifications which have been already licensed by law, be commensurate with our exigencies.

The intelligence from the army under the command of General WAYNE, is a happy presage to our military operations against the hostile Indians north of the *Ohio*. From the advices which have been forwarded, the advance he has made must have damped the ardor of the savages, and weakened their obstinacy in waging war against the United States, and yet, even at this late hour, when our power to punish them cannot be questioned, we shall not be unwilling to cement a lasting peace, upon terms of candor, equity, and good neighborhood.

Towards none of the Indian tribes have overtures of friendship been spared. The Creeks in particular are covered from encroachment by the interposition of the general government, and that of *Georgia*. From a desire also to remove the discontents of the six nations, a settlement, meditated at *Presq' Isle*, on *Lake Erie*, has been suspended; and an agent is now endeavoring to rectify any misconceptions into which they may have fallen. But I cannot refrain from again pressing upon your deliberations, the plan which I recommended at the last session, for the improvement of harmony within our limits, by the fixing and conducting of trading houses, upon the principles then expressed.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the house of representatives.

The time which has elapsed since the commencement of our fiscal measures, has developed our pecuniary resources, so as to open a way for a definitive plan for the redemption of our public debt. It is believed, that the result is such as to encourage congress to consummate this work without delay. Nothing can more promote the permanent welfare of the nation, and nothing would be more grateful to our constituents. Indeed, whatsoever is unfinished of our system of public credit, cannot be benefitted by procrastination, and as far as may be practicable, we ought to place that credit on grounds which cannot be disturbed, and to prevent that progressive accumulation of debt, which must ultimately endanger all governments.

An estimate of the necessary appropriations, including the expenditures into which we have been driven by the insurrection, will be submitted to congress.

Gentlemen of the senate, and of the house of representatives;

The mint of the United States has entered upon the coinage of the precious metals, and considerable sums of defective coins and bullion have been lodged with the director by individuals. There is a pleasing prospect, that the institution will, at no remote day, realize the expectation which was originally formed of its utility.

In subsequent communications, certain circumstances of our intercourse with foreign nations, will be transmitted to congress; however, it may not be unreasonable to announce, that my policy, in our foreign transactions, has been, to cultivate peace with all the world—to observe treaties with pure and absolute faith—to check every deviation from the line of impartiality—to explain what may have been misapprehended—and correct what may have been injurious to any nation; and having thus acquired the right, to lose no time in acquiring the ability, to insist upon justice being done ourselves.

Let us unite, therefore, in imploring the Supreme Ruler of nations, to spread his holy protection over these United States, return the machinations of the wicked to the confirming of our constitution—to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition, and put invasion to flight—to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which his goodness has already conferred, and to verify the anticipations of this

government being a safeguard to human rights.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

United States, Nov. 19, 1794.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Simon Hastings to Miss Mindwell Andrews; Mr. Joseph Balch to Miss Hannah Pope; Capt. Ezekiel Burroughs to Miss Sally Torry; Mr. Joseph Bond, of Watertown, to Miss Ruth Chittendon, of Scituate.

Dorchester, Mr. John Clapp, of Roxbury, to Miss Sukey Robins of Dorchester.

Hingham, Mr. Zeabylon Hall to Miss Patty Beals.

Salem, Mr. John Kettle, of Danvers, to Mrs. Ann Smith of Beverly.

Springfield, Mr. Pelatiah Bliss to Miss Polly Stebbins.

Watertown, Mr. John Williams to Miss Rhoda Willington.

Kittery, Mr. Joseph Keen to Miss Hannah Berald.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Concord*, Lieut. Ebenezer Dorton to Miss Betsey Bryant.

Portsmouth, Mr. Joseph Dearborn to Miss Sally Seavey; Mr. Robert Oliver to Miss Mary Rand; Mr. John Libbey to Miss Comfort Noble; Mr. George Ham to Miss Joanna Beck; Mr. Walter Weeks to Miss Sarah Talton.

NEW-YORK.—Mr. Benjamin Shaw, of Boston, to Miss Charity Smith.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Capt. John Phillips, late of Canada, 58; Mrs. Mary Phillips, Mr. John Armstrong, 46; Mrs. Eunice Walner, 87; Mrs. Hannah Baxter 67; Mrs. Mary Gore, 39; Miss Hannah White, 22; Mrs. Sarah Sweetzer 88.

Ipswich, Mr. Benjamin Fellows.

Shrewsbury, Mr. Simeon Parker.

RHODE-ISLAND.—*Cumberland*, Mr. E. Dexter.

Warren, Dr. Isaac Barras, 34.

VERMONT.—*Currituck*, Col. Hollowell Williams and his Lady.

CONNECTICUT.—*Hartford*, Miss Sally Olcott.

Norfolk, Capt. W. Bell.

VERMONT.—*Nansmond*, Solomon Shepherd, Esq.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Philadelphia*, Mr. Samuel Downe, of the yellow fever.

Between Forts HAMILTON and Recovery, by the Indians, Mr. Elliot.

WEST-INDIES, Mr. John Adams, 23, son of Mr. Elijah Adams of this town.